

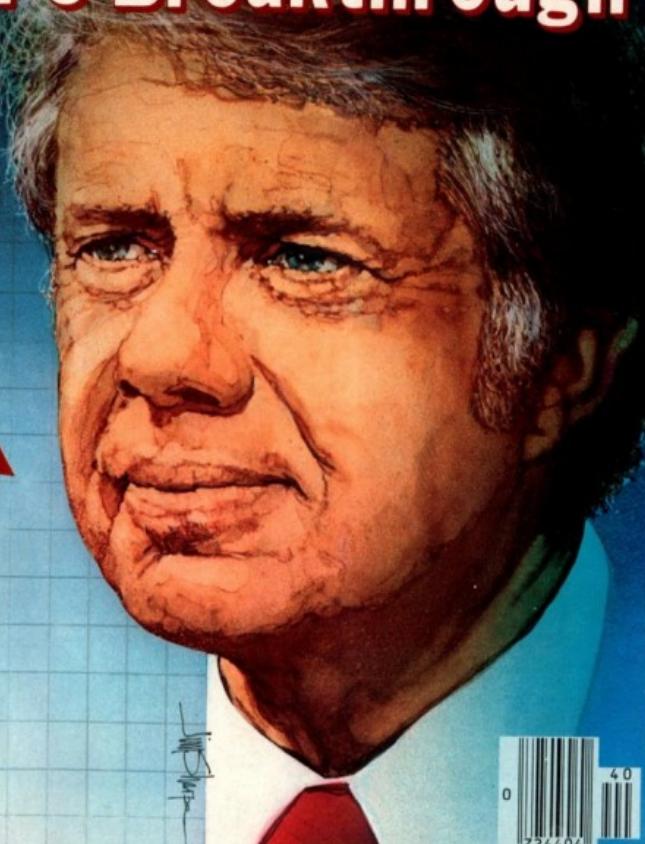
OCTOBER 2, 1978

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TIME

Carter's Breakthrough

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The Past



Introducing America's great new Efficiency Machine: Olds Cutlass Salon



Space Efficiency

Inside, Salon is engineered for lots of headroom: 38.7" in front, 37.7" in back. Lots of legroom: 42.8" up front, 38.0" in back. And plenty of rear hip-room, thanks to armrests tucked in the doors. And lots of comfort, in a solid Body by Fisher.

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Space efficiency applies to the trunk as well. Its 16.1 cubic feet have been designed with the compact spare tire standing to the side, out of the way, to accommodate big pieces of luggage.



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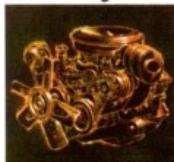
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Or choose from a range of gasoline engines, including the standard 3.8-litre (231 CID) V6 or the available 4.3-litre (260 CID) V8 with a 5-speed overdrive transmission (except Calif.).

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Cutlass Salon—America's great new Efficiency Machine. Test-drive it today.



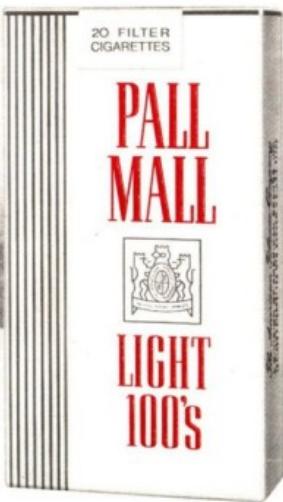
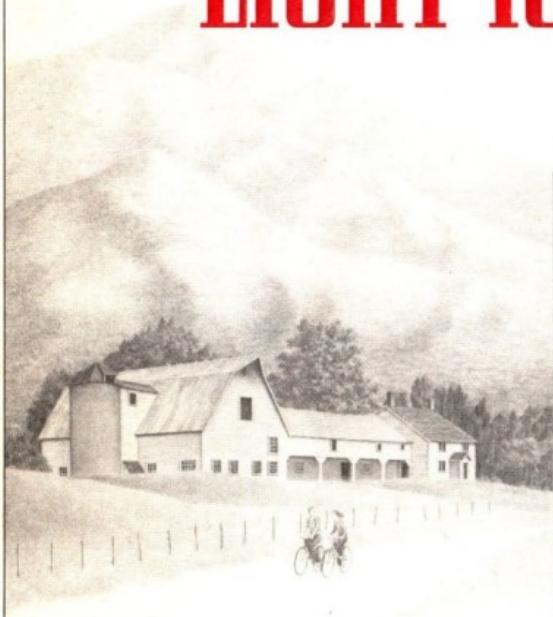
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A Letter from the Publisher

No sooner had President Jimmy Carter announced his historic, late Sunday-night summit agreement between Egyptian President Anwar Sadat and Israeli Premier Menachem Begin than TIME's correspondents were off to report on the consequences for this week's issue. Donald Neff joined Secretary of State Cyrus Vance on a flight to Jordan; Cairo Bureau Chief Wilton Wynn accompanied Sadat on his trip home; Dean Fischer interviewed Begin in New York City and then flew to Israel to await his arrival; Christopher Ogden and Lawrence I. Barrett reported from Washington.

The past month has proved to be one of the most challenging in TIME's history. Three times in four weeks our cover story was changed in the final hours of the weekend to capture late-breaking events: the surprisingly swift election of Pope John Paul I on a Roman Saturday evening, the turmoil in Iran and Carter's Middle East breakthrough. Last week the cover illustration remained the same, but the cover story was entirely rewritten beginning late Sunday night and into Monday's dawn, a time when that issue would normally reach the first newsstands. Before the extra-



Eleventh-hour covers: the Pope; turbulent Iran; the summit

dinary telecast from the East Room was over, TIME's editors had stopped the presses in Chicago and begun to chronicle afresh their story of the summit's achievements and President Carter's accomplishment.

New photographs and the new six pages of text were sent to press. All but a tiny fraction of the copies of TIME that had already been printed were changed, and more than 6 million copies containing the full story of what had occurred at Camp David were dispatched to newsstands and subscribers. No other newsmagazine attempted the enormous feat of reprinting its total run of copies or delivering around the world a complete assessment of the momentous event. TIME, determined to present the news as it happened, provided for its 26 million readers worldwide the kind of coverage they expect: fast, accurate, insightful.

All told, it was a remarkable performance by our reporters, writers, editors and production staff. And it was evidence of TIME's continued commitment to bring its readers not only the most colorful coverage of the week but also the most timely and the most complete.

John C. Meyers

Cover: Illustration by Jim Sharpe.

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With elegance and stamina, Bruce Davidson rides Might Tango to victory in the world equestrian championships.

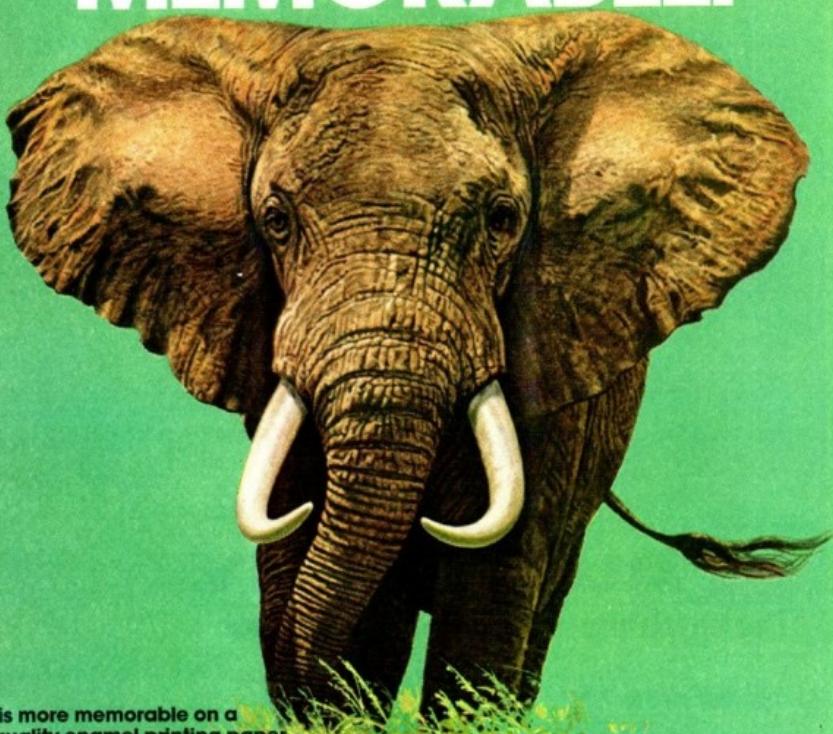
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A sumptuous, low-calorie, farm-fresh, citrus-rich translation of a strange and spreading dialect: American menuise.

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*Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Actual selling price determined by individual dealer. Audio components can be purchased separately.

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Letters

Camp David

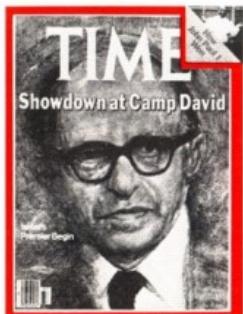
To the Editors:

If the three leaders at Camp David [Sept. 11] could possibly succeed in evolving some method that would eventually result in a genuine peace between Israel and its neighbors, they would deserve our gratitude forever.

Jacob Weitzer
North Miami Beach

I don't see how Carter, Sadat and Begin can even attempt peace in the Middle East with the absence of the many other Arab nations and the P.L.O. If the "Big Three" come up with a peace plan, who's going to accept it? It's like milking a cow without a bucket; you may get some fresh milk, but you can't get anybody to drink it.

Fred Merf
Chico, Calif.



It would waste the efforts of Arab leaders to try to wipe out the tiny democracy of Israel and take the little territory of the only Jewish homeland in a vast Arab area. Instead, why don't they work with Israel to master the scientific and technological realities of the 20th century and put them to use for their social and economic betterment?

Merle Rabin
Marblehead, Mass.

If as much time were spent on inflation and the plummeting U.S. dollar as on the Middle East, maybe we wouldn't be in such a mess. The meeting at Camp David is like going next door to help settle a domestic argument while your own house is burning down.

L.D. Hadaway
Gainesville, Ga.

Jogging Along

As founder-president of the National Jogging Association, I was greatly entertained by Frank Trippett's clever

and amusing essay, "Running a Good Thing into the Ground" [Sept. 11].

However, please tell Mr. Trippett that we joggers will just keep jogging along in the knowledge that we are doing ourselves and our country a service by reducing the cost of health care through our own do-it-yourself health-maintenance programs.

R.L. Bohannon, M.D.
Washington, D.C.

Frank Trippett compares jogging with the fad of flagpole sitting. Instead of being happy that 25 million Americans are seeking physical fitness, he criticizes them. Would he rather have them watching television?

(Mrs.) Christine Tilgner
Suffern, N.Y.

Blessed be Frank Trippett, for he shall be spared heel spurs.

Blessed be the spouses of True Runners, for they have been comforted,

Elizabeth Gabel
Boulder, Colo.

It is unfair to generalize about the smugness of runners. Some of us run not because we think we're special but because we know we aren't. We've tried tennis, handball, softball and racquetball—to the jeers of our peers—and have delightedly discovered you do not have to be specially endowed to run. Do you know how good that makes someone feel who was always in remedial P.E.?

Margaret Ann Maricle
Los Osos, Calif.

I can tolerate all joggers with one exception: my doctor, who spends ten minutes of a 15-minute appointment telling me about the joys of jogging.

Beverly Muir
Honolulu

Pull in High Places

Spock, Captain Kirk and McCoy are a distant second to the prospect of black holes [Sept. 4]. What a mind bender! But gee, after all, black holes have a lot of pull in high places.

Johnny Langstaff
Tampa, Fla.

The discussion of black holes and white holes sounds much the same as a passage in the Hindu *Matsya Purana*, paraphrased by Francis Huxley in *The Way of the Sacred*, which describes Vishnu, in a cosmic context, as "the lord [of] the whirlpool that sucks back all that has once produced and is the Death of the Universe."

Dennis Galloway
Berkeley, Calif.

The Pope and black holes, companion stories in an issue of TIME, reveal distinctive dimensions of the human mind

that converge on mystery. Which mystery, if only one, will run its course and which will inspire the future?

Curt Bagne
Hanover, N.H.

Perhaps a black hole is nothing else but God himself.

If we accept a Christ, a Buddha, a Rama-Maharishi as ultimate expressions of evolution, then surely a black hole must be regarded as an ultimate expression of God's involution.

Michael M. Albahari
Raglan, N.Z.

How refreshing it would be if one of those big brains—physicists, mathematicians, or astronomers—would stand flat-footed and simply say, "Damned if I know what they are."

Robert P. Bonner
Gessa, Spain

Children of Brazil

Your report on the 16 million children of Brazil who must live on the streets of the cities [Sept. 11] should be required reading for all American schoolchildren. When children start cussing out their parents and wishing they were dead, they might be reminded that in Brazil their parents might have thrown them out on the street when they were only four.

Glenn Smital
Stockton, Ill.

I hope Pope John Paul I, a good and humble man, will have the vision to see across the waters to essentially Catholic Brazil, where "thousands of parents are forced to cast their offspring out like rubbish." When, because of the teachings of society or the church, individuals consider it more fruitful to practice birth control than to dump young children into the street to steal, prostitute themselves or starve, something has to be wrong.

Carl E. Herring
Columbia, S.C.

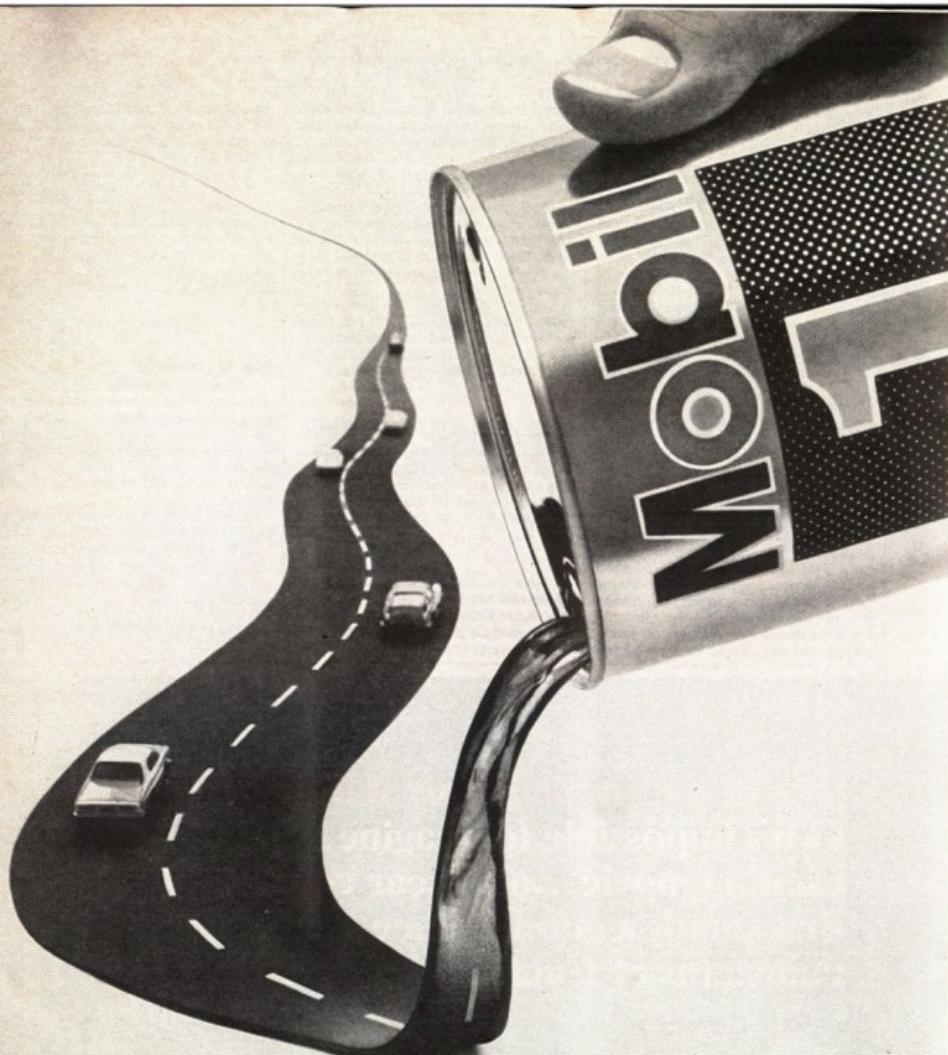
Hester's Passion

Nathaniel Hawthorne's bones must be spinning in his grave! Defense Attorney Flora Stuart's comparison of Marla Pitchford [Sept. 11] with Hester Prynne is far from valid. Hester Prynne never aborted the consequences of her actions with the Rev. Dimmesdale. She bore her child, raising it with courage and dignity, thus earning for both of them a sense of self-worth. Hester's passion was matched by her sense of responsibility.

Marilynne Babiyak
River Grove, Ill.

Aid to Viet Nam

Aid to Viet Nam [Sept. 4]? Never! Can this country so easily forget the thousands of lives and the billions of dollars that



Imagine. An oil that goes 25,000 miles without a change.

The oil we're talking about is Mobil 1® and yes, it will go an incredible 25,000 miles or one year whichever comes first on one oil change.*

And while that rather amazing fact is sinking in, imagine that same oil taking you up to 10 extra miles on every tankful of gas you use. (Some test cars got up to 27 extra miles per tankful.)

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Next fantasy? A long drive on a hot desert. Mobil 1 is built to withstand torrid engine temperatures as high as 500°F. above*

Time for one more? Mobil 1 lubricates better than premium oils to help your engine run smoother and last longer.

Actually, about the only thing we can't imagine about Mobil 1 is why someone would use anything else.

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Letters

were wasted there? We tried to keep the Communists out ... now they own the country. Let them keep it and support it. How gullible can we be?

*Hannah Byers
Daytona Beach, Fla.*

Normalization of relations with Viet Nam would serve to mitigate the plight of Cambodian refugees. Right now, rather than suffer further atrocities at the hands of the Khmer Rouge, thousands of Cambodian refugees have chosen possible execution and certain humiliation at the hands of their enemies, the Vietnamese. We should make normalization of relations contingent upon granting those people asylum. If the U.S. is serious about the human rights issue, it is our moral duty to accept the friendship that is obviously being offered by Viet Nam.

*R. Page McCallum
Portland, Ore.*

No-Win Games

Good for Brand, O'Connell and Orlick and the new no-win, noncompetitive games [Sept. 11]. Acceptance of them will be slow in a nation geared to tot-'em-up victories and defeats. Surely, the human race can see the merit inherent in striving to become better doctors and teachers, parents and human beings, and will

try to improve in the important ways without the empty rewards of raised arms and scoreboard lights.

Peter Dzwonkoski
Pittsford, N.Y.

Unfortunately, we all have aggressive drives, and competitive sports provide a relatively safe and constructive outlet for them. I would rather have my child playing baseball than kicking the cat or beating on his brother.

People often lose in competitive sports, as people often lose in life. Competitive sports provide an excellent way of learning to accept and cope with failure, as well as to experience success.

*Meredith Ramsay
Greenbelt, Md.*

How does the new "everyone must be the same" sports theory work when it comes to intelligence? Do smart individuals have to get lobotomies so they won't hurt the feelings of those with average intelligence?

Mary Alden
Groton, Conn.

After attending new-games training, I used new games in a public school setting and in a residential treatment center for emotionally disturbed children. The games promote positive self-concepts, and

the children love to play them. This brings me to the point that I think you missed in your article: in new games, everyone is a winner.

*Betsy Brown
Austin, Texas*

As a 26-year Army vet, I find nothing new about the winning-is-bad idea now being preached. The U.S. Government has done it for 30 years with the military. They called it Korea and Viet Nam.

*Art Jennings
San Diego*

Rear of Combines

Another heartstring tug from your American Scene. Thousands of us middle-aged men harbor memories of the rumble and roar of combines [Sept. 4]. For many young Plainsmen in the '50s, it was the price we'd decided to pay for college tuition, books and white-collar dreams fulfilled.

I'm glad the chaff, sweat and fatigue are still there, providing roots and memories for another generation of men.

*David R. Helland
Country Club Hills, Ill.*

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

The movie they couldn't wait to talk about:
“It’s impossible to imagine a more exciting movie...an Oscar contender that stands a good chance of rivalling the cult status of ‘Cuckoo’s Nest.’”

Rona Barrett
ABC-TV

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FEATURES

100

3 Fall R FISHING IN THE GULF OF MEXICO
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TIME/OCT. 2, 1978

Carter's Swift Revival

His summit triumph brings him new stature and new power

I was a born-again presidency for Jimmy Carter. After months of discouraging setbacks, a steady decline in the polls and increasingly open disdain from members of his own party, the President was exuberantly on the move, roving from New Jersey to the Carolinas to the Middle West. Everywhere he went, crowds turned out and cheered him for his historic success at the Middle East summit talks at Camp

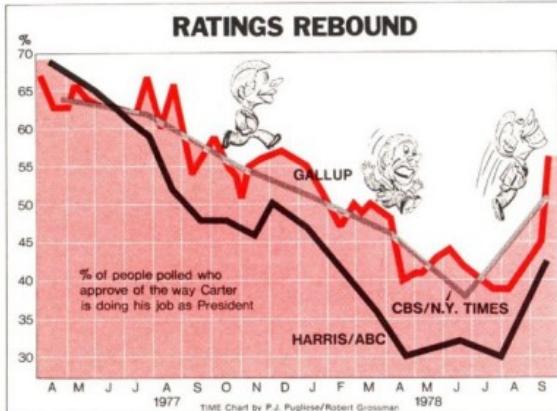
Carter to the federal aviation center in New Jersey. Replied Carter: "It is a good day for the world." Sounding much like a candidate once again, Carter was moved to make a grander claim at a fund-raising luncheon in Atlantic City: "I believe that we are making great strides in bringing peace to many areas of the world. I am proud that since I have been in the White House, there has not been a single American soldier who has lost blood in a

ident: "It would be nice for us if they would just go away." From Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev came a searing denunciation of the summit talks, which he said made the Middle East "more explosive than ever."

Still, whatever the future difficulties, the Camp David accord brought peace between Israel and Egypt closer than at any time before, and that was a remarkable victory for Jimmy Carter, who had staked an inordinate amount of personal prestige on his ability to achieve a diplomatic coup that had seemed, in his own words before the Camp David talks began, a "remote" possibility. The extraordinary summit, confining two strong-willed opponents within a mountain retreat for a full fortnight, had been Carter's own idea. And by his mixture of idealism, tenacity and mastery of detail, he had won his gamble.

Among America's allies, too, Carter had acquired new stature. In Britain, where Arabists dominate the Foreign Office, a senior official commented: "Camp David was a formidable achievement by any standards, and establishes President Carter's credibility as a world statesman of the first rank." While not willing to promote Carter to such heights, Germany's Chancellor Helmut Schmidt did praise him for "decisive progress toward peace," and the nine foreign ministers of the European Community jointly offered "homage to President Carter for the great courage which he demonstrated in organizing the Camp David meeting and bringing it to a happy conclusion."

Carter's first political celebration of his victory last week was an address to a joint session of Congress. With a proper sense of the dramatic, Begin and Sadat first entered the House of Representatives with Rosalynn Carter. A moment later, when the President marched through the giant mahogany doors, both floor and galleries exploded in shouts, whistles and stamping. Delivering the kind of homespun, occasionally halting speech that often fails to arouse his audiences, Carter was cheered when he hailed the Camp David accord as "a chance for one of the bright moments in history." And he moved many of his listeners when he turned to the two Middle Eastern leaders and said to them: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be the children of God."



David, and those ringing cheers were backed up by new polls that showed him making dramatic gains in the past week. According to a CBS survey, popular approval of his Administration climbed from 38% in June to 51% last week, while a Gallup poll rose from 39% in August to 56%. This shift testifies to the mercurial nature of public opinion, at least as measured by the surveys. One triumph can cause a President's rating to soar, one setback can start it plummeting again.

Despite the strains of the long bargaining sessions over the past fortnight, Carter appeared jaunty, confident, partisan, pugnacious, smiling more than ever—a revival of the man who had defied the odds and the experts to win the presidency. "Mr. President, it's wonderful how many friends you've discovered here in the last few days," remarked Republican Senator Clifford Case as he welcomed

foreign war or in combat. I would like to go out of office still having maintained that record."

The prospects were not entirely unclouded, of course, either for the world or for Jimmy Carter. In the Middle East itself, Israeli Premier Menachem Begin and Egyptian President Anwar Sadat received tumultuous welcomes home, but when Secretary of State Cyrus Vance flew to three Arab capitals to mobilize support for the Camp David agreements, he encountered reactions ranging from skepticism to outrage.

Noisiest of the opponents, predictably, was Palestine Liberation Organization Leader Yasser Arafat, who declared that "Camp David is a dirty deal and Carter will pay for it." While making a campaign stop in Pittsburgh later in the week, Carter compared the P.L.O. to the Ku Klux Klan, the Communist Party and the Nazis. Added the Pres-



"A chance for one of the bright moments in history." An enthusiastic Congress hears Carter explain Camp David agreement

KODAK E-6105



"Blessed are the peacemakers," says Carter

Afterward, members of Congress crowded around to congratulate him. "This gave the President a great boost," said Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd. "He demonstrated great tenacity and courage." Added Senate Minority Leader Howard Baker: "This will nullify the bumbler image." Exulted Democratic Senator George McGovern: "This is the most dramatic moment in all the years I've been in Washington. I think history turned a corner tonight and



Egyptian President Sadat, Rosalynn Carter and Israeli Premier Begin applauding President
A dramatic moment of triumph greeted by shouts, whistles and stamping feet.

ASSOCIATED PRESS

the Middle East will never be the same."

In terms of practical politics, Carter could look forward to a stronger position vis-à-vis Congress, which has balked at many of his programs this year. The President's harassed chief of congressional liaison, Frank Moore, happily noted that the "atmosphere, the mood, the way you are received, has changed in the last couple of days." Confirming that viewpoint, the Senate gave Carter a notable victory last week. It voted more heavily than expected, 59 to 39, against recommitting his natural gas bill to a committee that would have killed it. That favorable tally indicates that the measure will be approved by the Senate and perhaps by the House as well. The President would then get, though in severely truncated form, his long sought energy bill. Said White House Aide Hamilton Jordan: "We have a

hot hand on the Hill for the time being."

Buoyed by his success, Carter went out politicking with renewed zest. The mood of the crowds in North and South Carolina was so cordial that the President barely had to mention Camp David. He could count on someone else doing that for him. The most surprising example was a large ad in the Asheville (N.C.) *Times* that congratulated Carter for the Middle East breakthrough and concluded: "I am proud of you." The ad was paid for by Democrats who are supporting Republican Senator Jesse Helms for reelection even though Carter had come to the state to campaign for Helms' Democratic rival, John Ingram.

Speaking at a dinner, Carter was at his relaxed, reminiscent best. He repeated what Sadat had told him during a morning stroll at Camp David: "I believe

UNITED STEELWORKERS OF AMERICA

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Jobs Dignity Health

Turning to No. 1 domestic problem, Carter urges fight against inflation at the national convention of the United Steelworkers in Atlantic City
"I will ask for restraint and sacrifice. I ask you to consider what I will have to say in a spirit of cooperation and patriotic concern."

PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD

that you have a sensitivity about our problems in the Middle East because you are the of the South, because the South is the only part of the United States and Southerners are the only people in the United States that really know what it means to suffer the tortures of the aftermath of a war in an occupation government... and a struggle for overcoming prejudice and hatred between one race and another. I believe that has given you not only a special insight but perhaps an additional commitment to bring a resolution between two peoples who have long hated each other." The Egyptian President also had some sage comments on the ups and downs of a head of state's popularity: "When things go bad, you get too much blame. When things go well—I must admit—you get too much praise."

Though the Middle East agreement creates an aura of success around the President, it does not by any means solve all his problems. Last week revised figures showed that the inflation rate in the second quarter of 1978 was a grim 11%. Despite the good news in the Middle East, the dollar continued to fall, reaching an all-time low of 1.51 Swiss francs. The dollar has now fallen about 37% against the Swiss franc in a single year. The price of

gold rose to a record high of \$216 per oz. Carter met with his top economic advisers last week to work out a plan to combat inflation, now the No. 1 domestic issue, and although he has repeatedly rejected all proposals for wage-price controls, there were indications that his advisers were definitely considering guidelines with some force in them. Both the Business Roundtable, a group of top executives, and AFL-CIO President George Meany denounced all plans for such guidelines. Nevertheless, Carter's group seemed to be leaning toward limits of 7% a year in wage increases and 6% in price boosts. Federal contractors might then be required to sign a pledge to abide by the guidelines if they want to continue to do business with the Federal Government.

Addressing a meeting of the United Steelworkers in Atlantic City, Carter pledged that in "waging this war on inflation, I reject the politics of the past. I will not fight inflation by throwing millions of Americans out of work." He did not spell out a specific program, but in his new combative Camp David mood, he promised that it would be tough. "I will ask for restraint and for some sacrifice from all. I will ask you to

consider what I will have to say with open minds and in a spirit of cooperation and patriotic concern."

In the midst of Carter's triumphant week, though, he encountered some serious difficulties with the Camp David agreement itself. The agreement so carefully worked out in 23 successive drafts had a number of gaps and ambiguities. Since several very touchy issues could not be resolved at Camp David, the three leaders agreed to postpone any decision on them. They also agreed to state their views in the form of letters, to be subsequently made public. But Begin wasted no time in setting forth his opinions in a series of televised appearances—not only his opinions on resolved issues but also his contrary view on a key issue that the other summit negotiators thought had actually been settled.

This inflamed controversy concerned the Israeli settlements on the West Bank. U.S. officials thought that Begin had agreed not to build any more of these communities during the five-year transition period while the Israelis and Arabs negotiate the future of the West Bank. Not so, said Begin. The only "negotiations" he had in mind were the three-month talks scheduled to lead to a peace treaty

Jaunty, confident, partisan and pugnacious, Carter mingles with crowd during visit to federal aviation center in New Jersey

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Nation



with Egypt. He had never, he insisted, made any commitment for a moratorium longer than that.

To support the U.S. argument, officials in Washington showed reporters a copy of an early version of one provision that they said was to have been published as a supplementary agreement and that seemed to uphold the U.S. position on the issue. Complained Begin: "Let me respectfully say that they shouldn't have done that. It's not proper to show to the media texts that have not been approved." But he didn't budge on the settlements, which the U.S. has repeatedly declared to be "illegal." To put further pressure on Begin, the U.S. withheld a letter promising that the U.S. would build two military bases in Israel's Negev desert to compensate for Israeli withdrawal from three airfields in the Sinai. Though no connection was formally drawn between the airfields and the settlements, the message was clear enough. Before leaving for Israel, Begin seemed to relent a bit. He said he would consult other members of the Israeli delegation, whose own statements have been closer to the U.S. position. "I will respect their better memory," he pledged.

The other object of anguished controversy was the city of Jerusalem, which was omitted entirely from the Camp David agreement. In another letter released last week, Sadat argued that East Jerusalem should be under Arab sovereignty, that all of the city's holy places should be controlled by their respective religious groups and that the essential functions of the city should be administered by a municipal council with equal numbers of Arab and Israeli members. "In this way," said Sadat, "the city shall be undivided." In Begin's letter, he uncompromisingly restated the Israeli position that "Jerusalem is one city indivisible, the capital of the state of Israel." Finally, Carter's letter asserted that the U.S. view-



Begin politicks with (clockwise) Javits, Church and Meany

point, unchanged since 1967, declares the sovereignty of the city to be an open question, subject to future negotiations. Observed a U.S. State Department official: "It's absolutely impossible to write a paragraph on Jerusalem that both sides could agree to. It just doesn't work."

Looking back over Carter's remarkable diplomatic maneuver, TIME Washington Contributing Editor Hugh Sidey summarizes:

"The men, the mood, the time, the issues, the place, the weather and providence conspired on that Maryland mountaintop to produce Carter's Middle East summit success. Those who watched him closely in the hours after the summit adrenaline stopped pumping saw at least two things. Carter had a genuine increase in self-confidence and what one participant described as a 'new maturity,' which

in essence was an understanding of the bits and pieces of presidential experience collected over the past 20 months. At last he seemed to fuse them into a leadership device of his design.

"Carter's control of the environment so that his special dimensions of personality and persuasion were most effective was masterly. He did not sermonize or drop new proposals like bombs. He took ideas from both men, combined them with his own, then carried them back as if they were the inspirations of his guests. Such subtle flat-

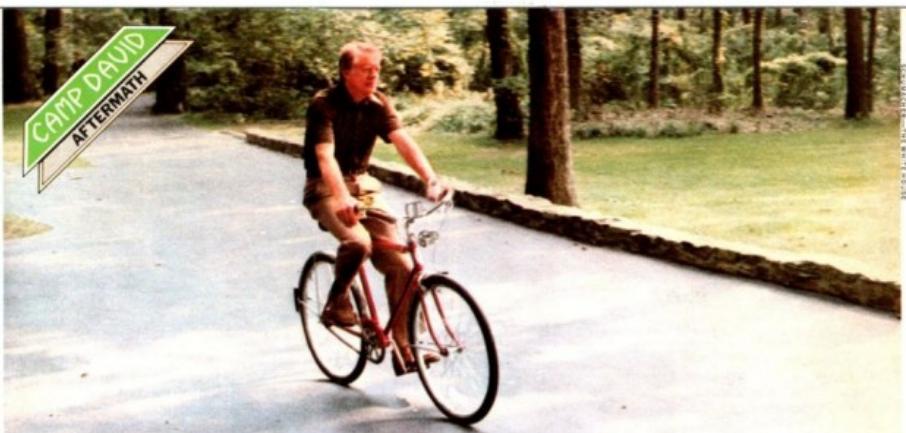
teries got him almost everything. "Carter's penchant for prayer, so suspect in other climes, was a reassurance at this particular summit. Indeed, the bond of spirituality among those three men may have been the most important emotional conduit. None was embarrassed by the others' deep convictions.

"Flowing out of the spiritual bond was trust. Though there were some disagreements later, neither Sadat nor Begin came off the summit declaring that Carter had misled them, tried to mislead them or even, in innocence, misguided them. When Carter went to one of the visitors with the other one's proposal, the words and the spirit of the message were well transmitted. And at last, all that memo reading and all those briefings, which have bogged Carter down in other efforts, paid off. He did not have to call for his experts when the dealings got complicated. No aides had to be inserted between him and his visitors.

"When at last Vance turned to Carter and said, 'I think we now have it,' nobody cheered or said anything memorable. Everybody could feel what had happened even as a thunderstorm broke outside Aspen Lodge. Carter may never be able to duplicate it—but, again, he just might." ■



Sadat after meeting with House International Relations Committee
"History," said one legislator, "turned a corner tonight."



Jimmy Carter relaxes from the tension of the final week at Camp David by cycling through the silent woods

Ordeal in the Mountains

Shouts, threats and exhaustion before a deal can be made

Isolation from the world was a key element in the Camp David summit, and only after it was over did the participants start to tell bits and pieces of this extraordinary two-week confrontation. The pieces add up to a dramatic chronicle of clashes and near breakdown before the final accord.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 5. Bright sunshine for opening day. Jimmy Carter, who arrived the day before, gets up early, plays tennis with Rosalynn. The Carters greet Anwar Sadat in afternoon. He's weary from Paris flight. Menachem Begin, rested from his two-day stay in New York, holds first meeting with Carter in President's Aspen Lodge. Begin worried about new violence in Lebanon. The two discuss how conference will proceed.

WEDNESDAY. Sadat visits Carter at Aspen. They sit on back porch overlooking pool. First surprise of conference: Sadat has detailed, ten-page proposal for West Bank and Gaza problems. Some points old and often rejected by Israel: total Israeli withdrawal from occupied territories, even the flying of Arab flags over Jerusalem. But Sadat also offers security provisions for Israel. Americans see hope.

Carter tells Begin that Sadat has a proposal. The three convene for first time. Sadat and Begin keep addressing each other as "my dear friend." Sadat puts on black-rimmed glasses, reads his proposal for an hour and a half. Begin several times throws hands up in disgust. Muttering disagreement. Carter invites Begin to respond immediately. Begin declines, asks for time to study whole paper. Begin summons other Israelis to his Birch Cabin. Appalled at Sadat proposal. Some of Begin's advisers figure Sadat wants to blow up the con-

ference, blame Israel. Others see it as tough opening ploy.

THURSDAY. Americans gather in Aspen at 7:30 a.m. They see Sadat, who has heart problem like Begin, stride past with walking stick. Carter and Aides Cyrus Vance and Zbigniew Brzezinski sound out Begin and Aides Moshe Dayan and Ezer Weizman on their reaction to Sadat proposal. Israelis very critical.

The three leaders meet alone. Begin blisters Sadat proposal, point by point. Keeps jabbing his finger at the paper in front of him. Begin accuses Sadat of purposely attacking while Israelis worshipped for Yom Kippur in 1973. Sadat, stung, calls the attack a "strategic deception." Retorts Begin: "It's still deception." Sadat and Begin keep interrupting each other, sometimes shouting. "Please let him finish, Mr. President," Carter pleads with Sadat during one exchange. Emotions subside after more than three hours. An Israeli later warns an American that Begin and Sadat should not meet for a

while. Begin worries own delegation by seeming pleased—he feels that Sadat proposed so unacceptable that world will not blame Israel if summit fails.

FRIDAY. Americans decide to change tactics, avoid three-way meetings for a time. Carter meets Begin in afternoon. Carter meets Sadat in evening. Stalemate. Sadat tells Carter it's time for U.S. to make its move, if it has proposals of its own. Carter and aides begin to draft paper setting out key issues, with Egyptian and Israeli positions on each, plus U.S. alternatives. As evening begins, Israelis hold Shabbat dinner. Jimmy and Rosalynn attend, stay for two hours, drink Carmel wine, sing songs, including one from *Fiddler on the Roof*, which Carter likes because it keeps repeating "hallelujah!"

SATURDAY. While Begin stays in his cottage during Sabbath, others play Ping Pong and billiards. Sadat again up early, walking in woods, stays aloof even from his own delegation. Vance Aide Harold Saunders, after nightlong labors, produces first draft of American proposals. Americans spend all day working through three more drafts. (There will ultimately be 23.)

SUNDAY, SEPT. 10. After Carter, Sadat and Begin tour Gettysburg battlefield in morning. Americans unfold proposals in marathon 5½-hour session with Israelis. Mood is more conciliatory because Begin is now responding to suggestions from Carter rather than from Sadat. But Begin still criticizes many points in great detail, then grows visibly tired after midnight. Carter patiently defends U.S. compromises, keeps the meeting moving. "Carter was incredible," Weizman says. "He never lost control of the meeting for a minute." Outside, says one official, the long Israeli-American meeting makes the Egyptians "nervous as hell." A few of them try to watch a movie in Hickory Lodge, but fidget and leave. They fear some kind of American-Israeli common front against them. But Sa-



President joins Israeli Premier in observing Sabbath

Time, too, for wine and tunes from Fiddler on the Roof.

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dat sleeps in his cabin while the other two delegations argue on until 3 a.m.

MONDAY. Carter asks Israelis to put their reactions to the U.S. proposals in writing so he can consider them before 10:30 a.m. meeting with Sadat. Israelis on bicycles pedal breathlessly to Carter's cabin to deliver their response, page by page. For two hours, Carter meets with Sadat, laying out U.S. position, incorporating some Israeli counterideas. Sadat promises formal reply that night, but misses the deadline. American delegation senses more give-and-take emerging.

TUESDAY. Carter seeks breakthrough on Sinai problem, pores over maps with Weizman. President sees possibility of working out two agreements, one on Israeli-Egyptian peace, one on framework for overall peace. Carter retreats to private study, scrawls details of separate Sinai agreement on yellow pad, putting in dates for Israeli withdrawals, size of security positions, hard numbers. He puts proposals in his pocket, then meets with Sadat. They go over Egyptian response to U.S. overall peace principles. Carter pulls Sinai proposals from pocket. Sadat surprisingly receptive, merely modifies some security zone dimensions, other figures.

Carter meets Begin and hopeful mood ends. Begin insists Israel cannot accept principle of total withdrawal from West Bank and Gaza. But for first time, two written proposals—one for general peace principles, one for separate Egypt-Israel treaty—are on table.

WEDNESDAY. Carter takes a new tack. Ignoring protocol, he deals not with leaders but with their aides to work out technical details. Key aides: Egyptian Under Secretary of State Osama el-Baz and former Israeli Attorney General Aharon Barak. Carter keeps aides in session 10½ hours, sending out for tea and sandwiches. Begin walks in woods with Wife Aliza. Sadat too goes strolling again.

Carter surprised in talks with aides. He finds el-Baz aide to moderate Sadat, unexpectedly technical and difficult. Barak, aide to rigid Begin, seems reasonable and flexible. "Barak was the unsung hero of the entire summit," one U.S. official says. "There would have been no agreement without him. He refused to accept the idea that a particular problem just wasn't solvable."

That night Carter and Vance discover Begin is adamant against U.S. Sinai proposals, as amended by Sadat. He starts talking in Hebrew with Weizman. Carter and Vance look at each other in dismay. Carter notes that it is nearly midnight, everyone is exhausted and all should sleep on it. Begin agrees.

THURSDAY. Rosalynn is restless, awakes at 4:30 a.m. Carter wakes up, too, decides to go right to work. He telephones Brzezinski and asks security adviser to bring over some papers. The pace is tiring everybody. During nightly movies, Begin keeps falling asleep, once while watching *An Unmarried Woman*. At a showing of *Patton*, Weizman makes a graphic point: "If this thing falls apart, this is what we're going to have—another war." On this day conference almost does fall apart. Carter shuttles between Israelis and Sadat, who is emotional, one minute hopeful, the next gloomy. Despite Carter's reassurances that U.S. is not pushing too many Israeli positions, Sadat tells his staff to pack and be ready to leave.

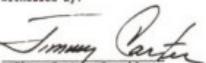
Interim Withdrawal

Between three months and nine months after the signing of the peace treaty, all Israeli forces will withdraw east of a line extending from a point east of El Arish to Ras Muhammad, the exact location of this line to be determined by mutual agreement.

For the Government of the Arab Republic of Egypt: For the Government of Israel:

Witnessed by:


Jimmy Carter, President
of the United States of America

Three remarkable signatures conclude the agreement at Camp David

"He wanted it to end neatly rather than die by gasps."

FRIDAY. Carter makes morning visit to Sadat in desperate bid to keep conference going. He makes the issue very personal. Aside from the dangers to the Middle East, he says, breakdown would badly damage his own political position in U.S. Sadat later says he has "a soft spot in my heart for President Carter," and that he would do what he could. Explains a Sadat aide: "Sadat told us that no American President has ever so involved himself in our problems. We can never expect to have another like him."

Sadat agrees to remain at Camp David. Carter proposes a deadline of Sunday to wind up the summit, hoping the pressure may help. "He wanted it to end neatly at a fixed time, rather than die by gasps," says one American. The sticking point now is Begin's refusal to agree to withdraw settlements from the Sinai. But he does offer alternative: he would leave

that issue up to the Knesset to resolve. Told of this, Sadat reluctantly agrees.

SATURDAY. Begin wants to go to Washington to hear Leonard Bernstein conduct the Israel Philharmonic. Carter doesn't want him to go. Begin jocularly tells Brzezinski that Camp David is a "luxury concentration camp." He recalls he has a friend who tunneled out of a British prison camp after six tries. Says he: "If we don't finish soon, I'll call my friend. He'll start working immediately."

But another crisis is developing over West Bank because Begin insists that the preamble to U.N. Resolution 242, banning territorial "acquisitions by conquest," should not be part of any Camp David agreement. Arguments over this, says one participant, are "mind-blowing" and incredibly legalistic. Three hours devoted to "the inadmissibility of acquisitions" phrase. Worried Americans take lunch on a patio, ponder some way to bridge the West Bank gulf. They devise ingenious two-track solution: let Egypt, Israel, Jordan and Palestinians negotiate at one level over final status of West Bank; let Israel and Jordan also seek a peace treaty at same time, with Palestinian participation. Israel's Barak is shown this U.S. proposal. "This is much better," he says. "I think we're getting somewhere." But Sadat tells Carter he still wants Palestinians to have right to select their own form of government and something must be done about Jerusalem. Carter sees Begin for four hours after the Sabbath ends, meeting until 12:30 a.m., pins down Begin's agreement to buck the settlements issue to the Knesset. "For the first time, we started thinking it might work," says one U.S. official.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 17. Thunderstorm deluges Camp David on final, decisive day. U.S. official delivers Carter message to Begin outlining U.S. views on Jerusalem, rejecting Israel's claim that East Jerusalem, seized in 1967, is part of Israel. Begin blows up. He hands back letter, declaring: "I'd rather cut off my right hand than sign that." Carter decides to postpone all reference to Jerusalem. The outcome is now up to Egypt. Carter meets one last time in climactic negotiations with Sadat. At 4:30 p.m. U.S. Aide Hamilton Jordan looks up to see Carter flashing thumbs-up signal through window. Sadat has agreed with final wording of the two historic documents.

That night, after signing ceremony at White House and incredible sight of Sadat and Begin embracing on national television, Carter calls his mother in Plains. "Mother, it's the toughest thing I've ever done," he says. Tears run down his cheeks.

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CAMP DAVID
AFTERMATH



Mission to the Middle East

Vance tries to rally support but finds many Arabs up in arms

Rarely had Cyrus Vance been so ebullient. In the hours after his Boeing 707 took off from Washington for the Middle East last week, the Secretary of State was still basking in the glow of the Camp David summit. After 20 months on the job, Vance had finally helped score an important foreign policy achievement for the U.S., and he was justifiably proud. Wearing a sweater and slacks, he sat in the aisle talking to reporters for more than an hour. But as the plane flew eastward into the night the mood began to fade. And by the time the Vance mission ended some six days, three countries and 14,000 miles later, it was obvious that despite Camp David's great accomplishments, some major questions remained unanswered. What kind of peace was possible? Would the moderate Arabs eventually accept the summit proposals? How much trouble could radical Arabs cause?

The first difficulties came from Israel's Premier Menachem Begin, who almost immediately began raising objections to what Vance had thought was an agreed-upon moratorium on new Israeli settlements on the West Bank. Next, both Jordan and Saudi Arabia, whose support is crucial to U.S. foreign policy in the Middle East, openly criticized the Camp David agreements. Other protests arose like a sandstorm, not only from such radical states as Libya, South Yemen and Algeria, and, of course, the Palestine Liberation Organization, but also from Syria and such moderate and normally friendly states as Bahrain, Qatar, North Yemen, Kuwait and Lebanon.

While Egypt's President Anwar Sadat broke his homeward journey in Morocco to see one of his closest Arab allies, King Hassan II, and Jimmy Carter conferred with Sudanese President Gaafar

Mohamed Nimeiri, four hard-line Arab states and an assortment of Palestinian liberation groups assembled in Damascus for the third so-called Steadfast Summit. The theme: Fight Sadat—and topple him if possible.

Two of the hard-liners, Libya's Muammar Gaddafi and P.L.O. Boss Yasir Arafat, even undertook a sudden trip to Jordan to try to persuade their long-time enemy, King Hussein, to boycott the Israeli-Egyptian negotiations. It was an extraordinary idea—Hussein and Arafat had not met on Jordanian soil since 1970, the year that the P.L.O. virtually seized control of Amman until the King attacked and expelled them. Hussein quickly rejected the new ploy. "The King," said a Jordanian official, "will not respond to any appeals or pressures, and his moderate stance remains the same."

Even so, the effort served to prolong the already drawn-out and heated Damascus meeting. Finally, late in the week, Syrian President Hafez Assad asked Vance to delay his scheduled arrival in Syria by 24 hours until after the hard-line Arabs had gone home.

Despite all this turmoil in the Arab world, one of the two Camp David agreements, the "framework" setting forth a timetable for a peace settlement between Israel and Egypt, was proceeding on schedule. The loose end, recognized but unresolved at Camp David because Begin said he did not want to be the one to "sell out the settlers," is the question of whether the Israelis will dismantle their 17 settlements in the Sinai, as demanded by Egypt. Begin cautiously left that for the Knesset to decide.

There was some noisy opposition in Jerusalem to the Camp David framework. Rabbi Haim Druckman, a member of Begin's ruling coalition, accused the

Premier of "absolute surrender." But such extremists are a small minority in the Knesset and in the country at large, as Begin himself discovered when he returned to Jerusalem late in the week to a hero's welcome. Beaming like a proud father, he told his cheering countrymen: "We have brought you a peace agreement with security and honor."

Israel's Labor Party opposition strongly backs the Begin government on the Camp David accords. As Opposition Leader Shimon Peres told TIME: "We shall vote for peace, as this has been our national goal since the establishment of the State of Israel. The proposed agreement is the best this country could have achieved ... Israel was [never] a territorial or a commercial ambition. It was a dream. We will carry on, and fulfill our long desired social goals." Former Premier Yitzhak Rabin also supports the accords, although he noted drily that "Begin is the only Israeli leader who could have signed such an agreement, since he doesn't have a Cabinet."

Among the backers of the peace plan were even some Israeli residents of the Sinai settlement of Yamit, who declared that they did not wish to become an obstacle to peace. The Knesset is expected to approve the removal of the Sinai settlements this week. That action would be followed by peace talks between Israel and Egypt, leading to a treaty within two to three months.

And although Begin was arguing about whether the Camp David negotiators had agreed on a three-month or a five-year moratorium on new settlements in the West Bank, there was no doubt that he had agreed to at least a short halt. When the fanatical right-wing *Gush Emunim*, vowing that it would build "ten settlements for every one forced to be removed," sent 200 of its supporters to start a new community near the West Bank town of Nablus, the Israeli army forcibly removed them.

By the time Cyrus Vance stepped into the blazing afternoon heat of Amman last week, the exultant mood of Washington was far behind. At the royal palace he met with King Hussein for more than two hours. Vance argued that a fundamental change was about to take place in the West Bank, whether Jordan participated or not, and that it would be "a great mistake" for Hussein and other Arab leaders to pass up the chance to help break the deadlock with Israel. As Vance expected, Hussein remained noncommittal, but U.S. officials hoped he would reach a favorable decision by the time he makes a scheduled trip to the U.S. next month.

On his arrival in Riyadh the next day, the Secretary of State was ready to make an airport statement, but the Saudis did not supply him with a microphone. The message was none too subtle: they were



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Anthony Edgeworth, contributing photographer, Esquire Magazine



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Opening of "Steadfast Summit" in Damascus
Left: P.L.O.'s Arafat. Right: Syria's Assad

states at the Rabat summit of 1974. Like many other Arabs, Khalid was particularly angry that the whole question of Jerusalem had been skirted at Camp David; he was almost livid when he heard that Begin was boasting that Jerusalem would remain the capital of Israel.

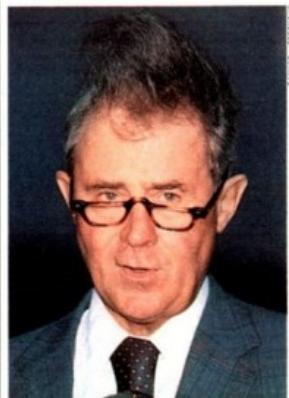
The hard-line Arabs at the Damascus meeting were overjoyed that Jordan and Saudi Arabia were not endorsing Camp David. The Arab world's break with Sadat now appeared complete. President Assad said of the Egyptian leader: "He has turned his back on Arab history, he has given up Jerusalem ... Who would have imagined that one day Sadat would describe us as his enemy and Begin as his friend?" Arafat, whose organization will presumably be pushed toward increased guerrilla activity by the Camp David agreement, declared: "As for Sadat, the traitor who sold Jerusalem for a few burnt sands of the Sinai, he is doomed."

In public even moderate Palestinians

ready to hear him out, but only privately. In a meeting with ailing King Khalid (who is due to arrive in Cleveland this week for treatment of a heart condition) and with Crown Prince Fahd, Vance explained the Camp David agreements point by point, answered questions and urged the Saudis to join the peacemaking process. Saudi support, or at least neutrality, is considered crucial to the future negotiations. But the Saudis had publicly described the Camp David results as unacceptable, and they remained adamant. There was no "final verdict" except an assertion that some kind of dialogue should continue.

What had happened was that the Camp David agreement had caught the moderate Arabs by surprise. They had expected failure, followed by a reconciliation between Sadat and most of the Arabs, and then probably an Arab summit conference. On this premise, in fact, Hussein had been planning to meet with Sadat during his stopover in Morocco. But the successful conclusion of the summit changed everything.

The moderates, under the leadership of Hussein and Khalid, concluded that the Israelis had made no real concessions. They noted that the Camp David agreement ignored such Palestinian questions as the establishment of a homeland for refugees, as well as the P.L.O.'s claims to being the sole legitimate representative of the Palestinians, as agreed by the Arab



Vance on takeoff to Middle East

Warning against "a great mistake."



opposed the Camp David agreement. But in private, one West Bank political leader said last week: "Don't believe all the strong words you hear. If Hussein should become involved, we will move forward with the agreement." The trouble is that anyone who voices such sentiments publicly just now is inviting immediate retaliation by the P.L.O.

The anger of the P.L.O. and the other radical Arabs against Sadat was plainly relished by the Soviet Union. Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev, who denounced the Camp David agreement as "nothing but the illusion of a settlement," will presumably continue to back the P.L.O. with arms and money, though not to such a degree as to make it a serious military threat in the area. The Soviets would certainly welcome the overthrow of Sadat, and over the long run they would like to see more radical regimes come to power in such influential countries as Saudi Arabia and Iran. But for the present, they are moving with considerable caution.

If Sadat was affected by the widespread Arab criticism last week, he didn't admit it. "When I signed the first Sinai disengagement with Israel in 1974," he told reporters last week in Rabat, "they all attacked me. When I went to Jerusalem, they attacked me more than ever. If I survived that, I can survive now."

Sadat was convinced that he had gained a reasonable framework for negotiations on West Bank and Palestinian issues, and that he had gotten about as

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much as he could under the circumstances. He was also tired as he has said before, of carrying the Palestinians around on his back for years and was glad to divest himself partially of that responsibility. If Camp David had failed, Sadat believed, he would have been under terrible pressure to go to war once again, with disastrous consequences for Egypt and its economy. In effect, he concluded that it was more important to have the support of his own people than that of the radical Palestinians, Iraqis or Libyans. Peace is popular with the Egyptians, especially when it means regaining their land in Sinai. When he returned to Cairo Saturday, Sadat received a welcome as clamorous as the one that greeted him following his "sacred mission" to Jerusalem last November.

Sadat hopes that after five years of good relations, the Israelis will realize that they do not need to maintain troops on the West Bank for their security, and that they may be willing to make further concessions to the Palestinians. Sadat even sees a chance for an agreement on Jerusalem. At Camp David he proposed a joint overall administration for the city, with two "borough" administrations for the Arab and Jewish sectors, and separate control of the holy places by the religious organizations involved. Under such a plan, he believes, part of Jerusalem could remain the Israeli capital, and part could also serve as capital of a West Bank-Gaza Strip entity to be established.

To maintain the newly restored momentum, Sadat would most like to have Hussein and at least a few of the moderate Palestinians enter into the peace talks. The Egyptians hope that as soon as the Israeli-Egyptian peace treaty has been signed, the Israelis will withdraw their military government from the West Bank and Gaza Strip. This, the Egyptians believe, is the kind of gesture that could improve the political atmosphere and perhaps induce Hussein to join the negotiations for a Middle East peace.

In a sense, the Camp David agreements are a new and enlarged version of the "step-by-step" approach long favored by Henry Kissinger. A full Middle East settlement is obviously unattainable at this time; so the most difficult "steps," such as Jerusalem and the future status of the West Bank, were postponed until some kind of consensus might be achieved. This is not in itself a setback for Arab ambitions; in practical terms, the Arabs have at least as good a chance of regaining East Jerusalem as they had before the Camp David agreements.

The most important single development for both Begin and Sadat is that they have secured a *de facto* peace. The radical Arabs and the P.L.O. can cause trouble, particularly if they can gain some cooperation from Jordan, but they



Israeli soldiers evicting a squatter from illegal settlement established in West Bank
Some cried "surrender," but they were a small minority.

cannot wage the kind of war that would endanger Israel's existence. Palestinian guerrillas can launch a campaign of terrorism, though such actions tend to rally the citizenry to the regime in power. Sadat's enemies had planned a campaign of street violence against him this fall, but it will be difficult now to rally the masses against the man who may be bringing peace to his country after 30 years of war or armed truce. Sadat could of course be overthrown. Considering his present popularity, however, it is by no means certain that a post-Sadat regime would depart very much from Egypt's present foreign policy.

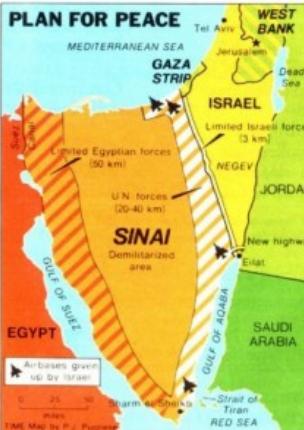
Sadat would be in trouble if Saudi Arabia cut off its financial support to Egypt, currently running at roughly \$1 billion per year, though it is possible that the U.S. would move in to fill the gap.

The Saudis are disturbed that Sadat's policies have produced a deep division in the Arab world. But at the base of Saudi foreign policy are its relationship with the U.S., the sole guarantor of Saudi security, and its fear of Soviet and radical Arab influences. Ultimately the Saudis would be reluctant to break that bond with the U.S. or to wreck American policy in the region. Though the outcome is far from certain, it seems probable that the Saudis will quietly allow their support of Sadat to continue.

At Camp David, Sadat gave far more than he got. He failed to pin down the Israelis on the questions of eventual Arab sovereignty in the West Bank and Israeli withdrawal from the occupied territories; he didn't press such currently insoluble problems as Jerusalem. But he did gain some important concessions. For the West

Bank, he won the long-term promise of an end to Israeli military government, an Israeli military withdrawal from nearly all points, and full autonomy for the Palestinians. For Egypt, he has all but won full Israeli withdrawal from the Sinai.

During the past ten months, Sadat has maneuvered hard to bring the U.S. into the Middle East peace negotiations as a full partner, believing that Washington should prepare its own peace plan and then press both sides to accept it. This is what happened at Camp David. Since last year, Sadat has been seeking what diplomats and journalists alike have called a "fig leaf" to make compromise respectable. A generally agreed-on declaration of principles, Sadat reasoned, would provide a framework within which other Arab states could negotiate their own deals with Israel. Sadat's deal has now become the first step toward a comprehensive settlement in the Middle East. If the other Arab states remain obstinately outside the negotiating process, it could also become a totally separate peace.



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Confirmed: Majority of high tar smokers rate MERIT taste equal to—or better than—leading high tar cigarettes tested! Cigarettes having up to twice the tar.

Confirmed: Majority of high tar smokers confirm taste satisfaction of low tar MERIT.

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MERIT has proven conclusively that it not only delivers the flavor of high tar brands—but continues to satisfy!

This ability to satisfy over long periods of time could be the most important evidence to date that MERIT is what it claims to be: The first major alternative to high tar smoking.

MERIT
Kings & 100's

An Interview with Begin

In Jerusalem the sky is blue and the memory clears

Despite the euphoria at the conclusion of the Camp David summit conference, there remained disagreement between Israeli Premier Menachem Begin and U.S. officials on several key elements of the accords. The Israeli leader discussed these and other issues in an exclusive interview with TIME. Highlights:

Q. Who had to give up the most?

A. Nobody gave up his principles at Camp David. The Israeli delegation stood by the principles of its peace plan, which is a good one. It was good when it was presented in December, and it is good now as well. We did not ask President Sadat to give up his principles.

Q. Didn't Sadat have to give in on his demand for the return of all Arab territories?

A. Well, I can't speak for President Sadat. What I do know is that it was agreed upon that the question of sovereignty in Judea, Samaria and the Gaza Strip will be left open. This was the key to the agreement, because we—and I believe this with all my heart—have a right and a claim to sovereignty over Judea, Samaria and the Gaza Strip. But there are other claims. So our idea was: "Let us leave the question of sovereignty open—undecided—and let us deal with the human beings." The Palestinian Arabs will have autonomy, full autonomy. And we shall have security, mainly through the fact that Israeli defense forces will be stationed in Judea and Samaria and the Gaza Strip.

Q. What happens at the end of the five-year transition period?

A. We of course will say we claim sovereignty of Judea, Samaria and the Gaza district. Others will come and they will say we claim sovereignty. What can be the outcome? We can't say what kind of an agreement, but what we can stress is that at Camp David we sometimes had problems that seemed to be insoluble and we still resolved them, because this is the nature of human brains. [If] there is an agreement between the parties negotiating—then everybody will rejoice that there is an agreement. And if there is no agreement, the [present] arrangement for Palestinian autonomy and Israeli security will continue. So in either case nothing wrong can happen. Therefore, I am optimistic about the future.

Q. What was actually agreed on about the building of new settlements on the West Bank? The Americans say it was agreed that



DAVID RUBINGER

there would be no new settlements for the five years of the transition period.

A. I didn't give such a commitment. Yesterday in the White House I asked President Carter, "Mr. President, did I give you such a commitment about five years?" He said, "No, you didn't give me such a commitment."

There are some divergences of opinion about what was actually agreed upon on this issue. But as my two colleagues who were with me during the conversation with President Carter are now in Israel, I just have to consult them. I have my perception, and there is an American opinion which differs, but I can't do anything but to promise that I will compare notes with my friends who were present at the conversation.

Q. When you say "compare notes," do you mean literally that there is no official record?

A. I don't write notes. But I understand that Secretary Vance took notes, that the President took notes. But we compare notes in our memories as well. I come to Jerusalem. There the sky is blue and memory becomes clear.

Q. But you don't see this disagreement as a block that would prevent a peace treaty?

A. No, it shouldn't be at all. Not at all. Not at all. The serious issue now between Egypt and Israel is the settlements in northern Sinai. Those settlements were established by the previous government as a buffer zone so that the Gaza Strip has its peace and we have our peace. But for President Sadat it is an issue in which he says, "I can't." So now a decision will have to be taken by the Knesset. We have to obey parliament.

Q. Do you feel that you are in any political difficulty at home?

A. It's quite serious. Some of my best friends, my most beloved friends, are against this policy. I think they will vote against it in the Knesset. They also criticize the agreement, even in very sharp language. They criticize me, of course. It is their perfect right to do so. The Frenchmen have a philosophical expression, *c'est la vie*, such is life.

We have now an agreement. The framework for peace signed by Egypt and Israel is almost a peace treaty. We solved the problem for the peace treaty 98%. Now, imagine, it may be very soon, there is a peace treaty between Egypt and Israel. It's a revolutionary change in the situation of the Middle East. I believe it is the proper road and I will continue.

Q. How do you rate the chances for Jordan to join in the talks?

A. We would like King Hussein to join. But until now, he demanded of us a prior commitment to go back to the lines of June 4, 1967, lock, stock and barrel, including Jerusalem. That wouldn't be acceptable to any party in Israel, except the Communists.

Q. If he doesn't join, what happens?

A. Nothing will happen. The Palestinian Arabs will have their autonomy, we will have our security. We shall live together.

Q. How can you have peace if other Arab nations oppose this agreement?

A. Perhaps there will be a change of mind. Syria is very extremist, would like to see us destroyed, etc., but Syria cannot attack us. It would be suicidal. Jordan will not attack us alone. They just can't do it. And Iraq is behind Jordan. So when we have peace between Israel and Egypt, we have *de facto* peace in the Middle East.

Q. What did this experience do to you personally? How do you feel after such an event?

A. I feel fine. But I felt fine before Camp David as well. The hardest worker was President Carter, because he was on all the committees. I was with my friends. He was everywhere. And usually we would go to bed at 2 o'clock, 3 o'clock, even 4 o'clock in the morning. But when you have spiritual elation, the physical tiredness disappears.

Nation

Dousing a Popular Theory

An all-star cast of witnesses testifies about J.F.K.'s assassination

United States leaders should think that if they are aiding terrorist plans to eliminate Cuban leaders, they themselves will not be safe." This warning, voiced by Cuban President Fidel Castro just ten weeks before the assassination of John F. Kennedy, has long fed a theory that the Cuban leader was behind the killing of the President. Indeed, even Lyndon Johnson used to tell intimates that he blamed Cubans for Kennedy's death. Last week, the Castro connection was the chief topic of testimony before the House Select Committee on Assassinations from an all-star cast that included, remarkably,

visa to enter Cuba at the country's consulate in Mexico City. That same year, Oswald was arrested in New Orleans while passing out leaflets in support of a committee called Fair Play for Cuba.

The most eloquent testimony against the theory came from Castro himself, who talked for 4½ hours with committee members in Havana last April. Tape-recorded portions of the interview were played last week and translated. Said Castro: "Who here could have operated and planned something so delicate as the death of the United States' President? That would have been the most perfect pretext for the United States to invade our country, which is what I have tried to prevent for all these years, in every possible sense. What could we gain from a war with the United States? The destruction would have been here."

What of his 1963 statement on assassination plots? Castro said it was only a signal to the U.S. that he was aware of the attempts on his life and they should be stopped. He added: "I said something like 'Those plots start to set a very bad precedent, a very serious one, that could become a boomerang against the authors of those actions.' But I did not mean to threaten by that. I did not mean by that that we were going to take measures—similar measures—like a retaliation."

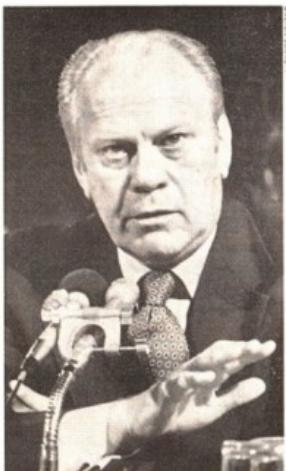
There have been reports that Oswald, when seeking his visa to Cuba, told Cuba's Mexican Consul, Eusebio Azcue, of his plans to kill Kennedy and that the information was relayed to Castro, who did not take it seriously. This was contained in a *National Enquirer* article by British Journalist Comer Clark. Castro scoffed at the report as fictitious. Azcue recalled Oswald as having been "discreet" when his visa application was rejected but said that they never talked about Kennedy. Nonetheless, the House committee staff cryptically reported to the Congressmen that "the substance of the Clark article is supported by highly confidential, but reliable, sources available to the United States Government."

Ford acknowledged that the CIA had never told the Warren Commission about its attempts to assassinate Castro. "Why we weren't given it, I frankly don't understand," he said. Yet he insisted that the information would not have changed the commission's conclusion that Oswald acted alone, because the members had thoroughly studied the possibility of Cuban involvement anyway. Ford said the idea was presented in strong arguments by the U.S. Ambassador to Mexico, who felt that Castro was somehow involved.

Helms, who was CIA liaison to the Warren Commission, admitted to the

committee that he had not told the commission about the Castro assassination plots, but, noting that John McCone was then CIA director, he asked: "Why single me out as the guy who should have told the Warren Commission?" Did he now believe that he should have informed the commission? Helms, who grew short-tempered as the committee grilled him for seven hours, replied: "Yes, I should have backed up a truck and taken all the documents down to the commission."

Former FBI Agent James R. Malley, who was the bureau's emissary to the Warren Commission, was just as forceful in disputing claims that the FBI's assassination investigation had been deficient. Said he: "You have had the benefit of the Rockefeller Committee, the Church Committee, all of our files. Maybe you could tell me what you think we did wrong."



Gerald Ford testifying in Washington

"Some information was not given to us."

Castro, ex-CIA Director Richard Helms, former Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach and the three surviving members of the Warren Commission: former President Gerald Ford, former Kennedy Adviser John J. McCloy and former Senator John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky.

The suspicion that Castro or his agents could have conspired with Lee Harvey Oswald to kill Kennedy rests chiefly on the fact that the Cuban leader had reason to be angry with the President. There had been the 1961 Bay of Pigs invasion and the 1962 Cuban missile crisis. Additionally, the CIA tried to assassinate Castro in the 1960s, using U.S. mobsters as hit men. There is also some slight circumstantial evidence for the theory. In September 1963 Oswald sought a



Fidel Castro at a press conference in Havana

"What could we gain from a war?"

Still, Malley conceded that even he had not been kept fully informed by agents investigating the assassination. Not until 1977, for instance, did he learn that the Dallas FBI office had received a note from Oswald one week before the assassination, threatening to blow up a federal building unless agents stopped trying to interview his wife Marina.

While the House committee last week was dousing old conspiracy theories, a new one was being litigated—and in the unlikeliest of places: Moscow—by Author Julian Semyonov. His theory, published in the Russian weekly *Ogoniok*: Lee Harvey Oswald was a Chinese agent, and the conspiracy to kill the President was a joint effort of American gangsters and anti-Soviet strategists in Peking.

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Vesco's Latest Caper

How the financier tried to buy influence at the White House

PLEASE SEE SPENCER LEE FROM ALBANY WHEN HE REQUESTS AN APPOINTMENT. This terse handwritten note from Jimmy Carter to Attorney General Griffin Bell lay forgotten for 19 months in a filing cabinet at the Justice Department. Last week it emerged at the center of a mystery that threatened to embarrass Carter and some of his closest associates.

At first, the flap seemed to have some of the ingredients of a first-class scandal. The evidence seemed to suggest that Financier Robert Lee Vesco had masterminded a well-funded campaign to buy influence from some of the President's advisers. Vesco's purpose: to get them to call off the Justice Department's attempt to extradite him from Costa Rica, where he had lived in exile for six years to escape prosecution for fraud. But as more details emerged last week, one critical thing was missing: any evidence that the President or his aides had done anything for Vesco or even listened to his proposals.

The origin of the caper dates back to 1972, when Vesco fled the U.S. after being indicted on charges of looting \$224 million from Investors' Overseas Services, a mutual fund based in Geneva. Almost immediately, he began trying to persuade the Department of Justice to drop the case. He even contributed \$200,000 to Richard Nixon's 1972 re-election committee, but to no avail.

Vesco tried again in late 1976, soon after Carter's election. According to court depositions, the financier met in Costa Rica with a trio of Georgians, Attorney Fred E. Bartlett and Businessmen Jerry Dorminey and R. L. Herring. Dorminey and Herring are now awaiting trial in Georgia on charges of fraudulently obtaining \$277,000 in loans. At a farmhouse in the mountains, Vesco outlined a preposterous plan. If the Carter Administration would promise him leniency, he would order six Latin American countries under his "control" to support the Panama Canal treaty. Back in the U.S., Bartlett and his law partner, Harry Wingate, conveyed the offer to Secretary of State-designate Cyrus Vance, who rejected it.

Vesco's emissaries tenaciously tried a new approach. Herring went to Attorney W. Spencer Lee IV of Albany, Ga., and offered him a \$10,000 retainer—in addition to a fee of \$1 million—if he would set up a meeting with top White House Aide Hamilton Jordan, a school chum and tennis companion of Lee's. Vesco meanwhile told Herring and Dorminey that he would arrange for them to acquire \$10 million worth of stock in a Panamanian company for \$42,000, if they could get to somebody at the White House on his behalf.

In early February 1977, Lee dined in Washington with Georgian Richard Har-



Vesco relaxing on his ranch in Costa Rica

He wanted to return home a free man.

din, a special assistant at the White House. Lee told Hardin about the "large sum of money" he had been offered to set up the meeting with Jordan. But Hardin, as he recalls it, told Lee that the advance would be improper. In fact, Lee now says that Hardin persuaded him not to pursue the matter further.

A week later Hardin decided that he should tell Carter about the offer. During a five-minute meeting, Carter urged Hardin to report any future contacts with Vesco's emissaries to the Justice Department and scrawled a message to Attorney General Bell—the same note that surfaced last week. Then, so the White House says, the President pushed the matter from his mind. What happened to the note next is unclear; Bell says he never received it. Neither Lee nor any other Vesco representative ever called on Bell.

In the spring of 1977, the Justice Department stepped up its efforts to return

Vesco to the U.S. The department withdrew its request for his extradition and urged Costa Rica instead to expel him, hoping to nab him as he crossed the border. The strategy misfired. When Costa Rican President-elect Rodrigo Carazo threatened to cut off the financier's residence privileges, Vesco escaped to the Bahamas, where he now resides, safe from extradition to the U.S.

There the Vesco case rested until earlier this year, when the Securities and Exchange Commission began delving into more of his complicated stock schemes. The probe led to Dorminey and Herring. The SEC also obtained unsigned copies of letters and telephone logs of purported contacts in early 1977 between Lee, Jordan and Carter Adviser Charles Kirbo.

Early in September, Syndicated Columnist Jack Anderson published a story hinting that the Justice Department's decision to stop trying to extradite Vesco was proof that his influence-buying scheme had succeeded. Anderson also obtained sworn statements from Herring's secretary, Geraldine Hobbs, that she had typed and mailed to Jordan and Kirbo several letters about Vesco's proposals.

Jordan angrily denounced Anderson's story as a "fabrication and a despicable lie" and said he had never discussed Vesco with anybody. Kirbo branded Anderson's report "an absolute lie by an irresponsible reporter." He insisted that the letters typed by Hobbs were forgeries. At an unusual Sunday press briefing, Jordan disclosed that Hardin had talked Lee out of pursuing the Vesco advance 19 months ago.

But the question remained of whether Hardin, who declined comment, had ever informed law-enforcement agencies about his talk with Lee. On further checking, White House aides said they found that the only person Hardin had reported the offer to was the President. A search of Justice Department files then turned up the message from Carter to Bell. If nothing else, the lost note and the persistent friends of Mr. Vesco were causing the kind of contretemps the White House could do without.



Three men in the mystery: Lawyer Lee, Businessman Herring and Presidential Aide Hardin

Rebuffed once, the financier tried a new approach: an offer worth \$10 million.

Nation



Stalled Investigation

What ever happened to the GSA indictments?

Special Counsel Vincent Alto predicted last June that his investigation of fraud, theft and mismanagement in the General Services Administration would result in scores of indictments in about eight weeks. But eight weeks passed, and the score was still zero. At the end of August, GSA investigators said that a packet of indictments would be handed down within a fortnight. A fortnight passed, but there still were no indictments. Last week Deputy Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti indicated to a Senate subcommittee on federal spending practices that the GSA probe had been stalled, and indictments could be delayed for another eight weeks.

Part of the problem is the stone wall thrown up by many oldtimers at the agency, which provides \$5 billion a year worth of office space, supplies and housekeeping services to federal bureaucrats. The GSA veterans have survived past attempts at reform, and many of them are determined to tough out the current investigations. Said Alto: "You wouldn't believe the resistance we are meeting." So far, despite President Carter's instructions that he net some "bigger fish," Alto has been able to build cases against only small-fry officials and contractors.

Alto told the subcommittee that the agency has been relying on a staff of only 74 investigators to police its 35,000 employees. The majority of them have no experience or training in fraud investigation. Much of their time is spent on discrimination complaints. Even so, GSA investigators are armed with handguns, of dubious use when dealing with white-collar crime. Said Subcommittee Chairman Lawton Chiles: "They should be required to carry a pencil and a calculator so they can tote up."

The current probe has been further slowed by bickering among the federal investigators. GSA gumshoes grumble that the FBI is out to grab the glory with easy cases, while FBI agents grouse that leads provided by the GSA are not worth following up. In the meantime, grand juries in Baltimore and Washington are hearing evidence of GSA fraud, while cases pursued by Alto are nearing the grand jury stage in Dallas, Houston, New Orleans and Boston.

Adding to the confusion are differing reports from investigators on the extent of corruption at the GSA. Alto has described it as potentially "the biggest money scandal in the history of the Federal Government." But Civiletti told Chiles' subcommittee last week, "We do not know from the evidence gathered to date just how far the wrongdoing extends or whether at any level corruption is pervasive." Still, a report to the subcommittee from Comptroller General Elmer Staats estimated that fraudulent practices by bureaucrats in the GSA and other agencies is costing the Government anywhere from \$2.5 billion to \$25 billion a year. Complained Staats: "The Justice Department has not done enough."

Last week Civiletti took steps to end the bureaucratic infighting and speed up the GSA investigation. He formed a strike force of investigators from the GSA, FBI, Internal Revenue Service, Postal Service, and Securities and Exchange Commission. In overall charge he put Assistant Attorney General Philip Heymann, head of the Justice Department's Criminal Division. Said Civiletti of the GSA probe: "We're treating it as a very serious matter, even though progress has been slower than we all would like."

Dirty Work

An ex-CIA official blows the cover of agents in Europe

A 734-page book hit stores across the country last week, and the CIA hit the ceiling. The book reprints some 300 pages of anti-CIA articles that have been published elsewhere, including tips on how to identify undercover agents through public documents. But the book's appendix, 415 yellow pages, is a dossier on more than 700 CIA operatives, most of them in Western Europe, listing their vital statistics, including names, work experience and home addresses. Aptly named *Dirty Work*, the tome is the latest broadside in ex-CIA officer Philip Agee's campaign to "contribute to the growing opposition to what the CIA is and what it does."

Former colleagues remember Agee, now 43, as a zealous anti-Communist when he joined the CIA after graduating from Notre Dame in 1956. He spent twelve years as an undercover operative in several Central and South American countries, became disillusioned with the CIA's methods and quit in 1969.

Six years later, in his first book, *Inside the Company: CIA Diary*, Agee blew the covers of several hundred agents. As a result of this publicity, the agency had to reshuffle its intelligence operations in Latin America. Then in December 1975, when CIA Station Chief Richard Welch was assassinated in Athens, the agency blamed his death on *Coutryspay*, a magazine that Agee edited. It had named Welch as a CIA official, though the



Author Agee at a meeting in Havana
Says a CIA official: "We're powerless."

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Athens News had printed his address.

Still sensitive to charges that he is endangering CIA agents, Agee defends himself with the highly dubious thesis that "We are revealing the names of people engaged in criminal activities. We hope that the CIA will shift these people to the safe posts at Langley."

The CIA can do little to fight back against Agee's efforts to damage its reputation and hamper its operations. Civil charges against Agee for breaking his CIA secrecy contract—which were used successfully by the agency against ex-CIA Officer Frank Snep, whose *Decent Interval* accused the U.S. of bungling the evacuation of Saigon—are ineffective because Agee is living abroad. Since 1977 he has been deported by Britain and France, and he is now in hiding, reportedly in Rome.

The agency believes that about 90% of the agents listed in *Dirty Work* have been publicly named before or are known to U.S. adversaries. But the other 10% were secret. "They'll be in danger," says one CIA official, who believes that the book may damage the agency's ability to function effectively overseas: "The friendly liaison services are nervous, the agents are falling off, and we're powerless to stop Agee." *Dirty work, all around.*

Pleas for Patty

Support grows for her release

FREE PATTY plead T shirts and bumper stickers by the thousands in California. They are visible evidence of a rapidly growing movement to win the release of Patricia Hearst from the federal correctional institution at Pleasanton, Calif., where she is serving a seven-year term for bank robbery. Every weekend in San Diego, 50 volunteers canvass shoppers at supermarkets, collecting signatures on petitions to President Carter. Similar efforts are under way across the country, and a leader of the campaign claims that 40,000 people have signed pleas for clemency. The White House and the Justice Department have received 1,500 letters, including ones from California Senator S.I. Hayakawa, California Lieutenant Governor Mervyn Dymally and Charles Bates, the retired FBI agent responsible for Patty's capture. Asked an editorial on San Diego station KGT: "How many of us can say we would not follow our captor's orders in order to stay alive?"

Last week George Martinez, the newspaper heiress's attorney, sent a pardon application to Attorney General Griffin Bell. After reviewing her case—a process that could take as long as 90 days—Bell will pass on his recommendations to President Carter, who will make the final decision. Trying to do her bit, Patty sometimes wears a T shirt that reads **PARDON ME** on the front and, on the back, **BEING KIDNAPED MEANS ALWAYS HAVING TO SAY YOU'RE SORRY.**

The Duke Is Defeated

A Governor suffers because a Senator is in trouble

There is more than apathy out there—there is real anger," said Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis on the eve of last week's Democratic primary. Next day his assessment was confirmed: he lost his bid for renomination.

Dukakis, 44, had performed well during his first term, mastering the state's severe fiscal crisis with a series of tightfisted measures. But in the process, he alienated important blocs of voters. He broke a 1974 campaign pledge by increasing sales and income taxes after discovering a \$450 million budget deficit. He angered organized labor by refusing to give pay raises to many state employees. He upset liberals by trimming social services.

Still, because of the usual liberalism

can primary. So too did large numbers of blue-collar workers, who were attracted by Nelson's antibusing, antitax positions. In the end, as many as 30,000 non-Republicans voted in the G.O.P. primary.

As a result, there was an unexpectedly high turnout of 270,000 voters. When the ballots were counted, Brooke had defeated Nelson comfortably, 53% to 47%. In November, Brooke faces a tough battle against the Democratic nominee, Congressman Paul Tsongas, 37, who nosed out four opponents.

Brooke's win had devastating consequences for Dukakis. With many of his supporters off voting in the G.O.P. race, he had to share the remaining liberals with former Cambridge Mayor Barbara



Republican Senator Edward Brooke accepting congratulations after winning renomination

Attacked by conservatives, he was rescued by liberal Democrats who switched parties.

of Massachusetts Democrats and the conservatism of Dukakis' opponent, Edward J. King, 53, a former center with the Buffalo Bills and Baltimore Colts, most politicians figured that the Duke would win.

But Dukakis and his aides had overlooked the strong desire of many Massachusetts liberals to keep Republican Edward W. Brooke in the U.S. Senate. He had run into deep trouble with the conservatives who control his own party because he supported the Panama Canal treaties and federally financed abortions for poor women. Brooke's messy court fight with ex-wife Remigia also damaged him politically and buoyed the chances of his opponent, Conservative Avi Nelson, a radio talk show host.

Fearing that Brooke's chances for a third term were slipping away, thousands of Democratic blacks and white liberals took the unusual step of changing their party registration to vote in the Republi-

Ackermann. The final tally: Ackermann, 7%; Dukakis, 42%; King, 51%.

Overall disenchantment with Dukakis' record, not any particular issue, gave the victory to King, a former director of the Massachusetts Port Authority who had never before sought elective office. He ran a strident campaign in which he stressed that he stood for everything Dukakis opposed, including the death penalty, mandatory jail sentences for drug pushers and a big cut in state taxes. Boasted King Campaign Aide Angelo Berlandi: "We put all the hate groups in one pot and let it boil."

King's opponent in the election is Francis W. Hatch, 53, a middle-of-the-road Republican whose nomination spared Bay State voters one unusual difficulty. He defeated Edward F. King, founder of an organization that wants to put a cap on state spending. If Hatch had lost, the November ballot would have featured Edward King vs. Edward King.



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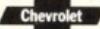
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And, of course, with the head room, leg room and
hip room it takes for you to enjoy every bit of it.

Thoroughly capable on the road.

Think of yourself setting this beautifully engineered
car in motion. With front and rear stabilizer bars
and steel-belted radial ply tires to help give you a
firm feeling on the road. A road-tuned suspension
to help smooth out the rough spots. All surrounded
by a solid Body by Fisher.

So go ahead. Think of yourself.
Talk to your Chevy dealer about buying or leasing a
1979 Monte Carlo. And put a little distance
between yourself and the crowd.

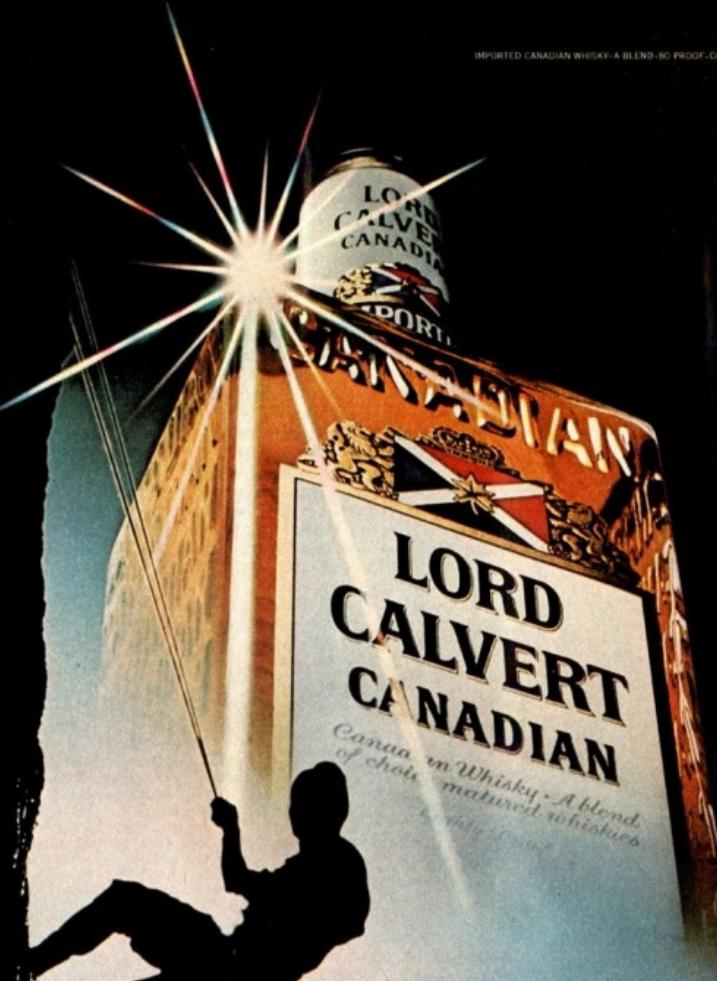


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IN A NEW MONTE CARLO.



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Canadian Whisky. A blend
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Follow the Canadian Superstar.

Americana

Far-Out Defense

Soon after Steven Masover, 19, held up a bank in Menlo Park, Calif., last November, he was apprehended with \$78,000 of the bank's cash, an unloaded gun, a fake bomb and three hostages. In court, Masover, who was valedictorian of his class in high school, relied on a bizarre defense: he had stolen the money, but only to invest it in colonies in outer space as a way for earthlings to escape pollution and overpopulation. Moreover, he planned to pay the money back in 20 years or so, making the heist a forced loan rather than a robbery.



The defense argued that no one can be convicted of bank robbery in California unless the prosecutor can show that he intended to deprive the bank of its

money permanently. Said Masover's attorney: "To me, that means forever." Whereupon the jury acquitted Masover, despite the district attorney's plea that spending the loot on space stations would be "permanently depriving someone of their money, in common horse sense."

The D.A. now fears that the jury's "flukish decision" will encourage other Robin Hood robberies. As for Masover, he was awarded a prestigious state regent's scholarship and plans this week to enter the University of California at Berkeley, where he will study physics and try to forget his close encounter with the law.

Royal Trappings

The giant desk will cost about \$3,500; the chair another \$700. A couple of comfy sofas carry price tags of about \$4,500 each. The main room and an adjoining den are being paneled in Philippine mahogany and carpeted with 85 yds. of virgin New Zealand wool that costs about \$60 per yd.

An office for a Saudi prince? A corner suite for the president of a FORTUNE 500 company? No, it's all part of



a million-dollar face-lift planned for the eleventh-floor offices of Detroit Mayor Coleman Young and about 100 top-ranking city employees. Since the offices had not been redecorated in 25 years, the city council had no hesitation in finding money in the 1978-79 budget of \$1.5 billion to feather the mayor's nest. Extravagant? "I don't know a damn thing about carpeting," says Young. "Whether it comes from New Zealand or Brazil, I don't care." The man just knows what he likes.

Bureaucratic Scramble

Mathematician William M. Raitke of the U.S. Navy's Postgraduate School in Monterey, Calif., and three associates from Seattle invented a gadget they call a "phasorphone." It scrambles voices on

both ends of a CB radio or phone conversation and costs about \$100, far less than similar devices already on the market.

Officials at the National Security Agency were so impressed that they offered the inventors research contracts. When the foursome declined, the agency asked them to sign on as consultants. They refused again. But then the U.S. Patent Office rejected their application for a patent. Reason: NSA had decided that the sale of phasorphones might endanger national security. The agency was willing to reconsider, however, if the inventors would explain how the scrambler works.

Why does the device threaten U.S. security? The answer, NSA replied in the spirit of catch-22, is classified. The inventors have invested \$30,000 in their project and received nothing in return. Complains Raitke: "We feel that the Government has illegally seized our property."

Nonsex

When the city council of Woonsocket, R.I., three weeks ago approved some job descriptions that eliminated supposedly sexist language, a utility man became a utility person, whose duties included "building personholes." Ever since, Woonsocket has been the butt of jokes as far away as California, prompting Francis Lanctot, a councilman, er, person, to voice his feelings in verse. Excerpt:

*They said it was a federal law.
And, like a moron, I took the
bait.
And conclusively proved to one and
all
That fools sail our ship of state.*

Last week, in an effort to regain their dignity, the council members voted to go back to manholes, indicating that it will be a long time before a person-person delivers Woonsocket's mail.

Cheating Hearts

Back-to-school business in Dallas is booming—but not just in pencil and lunch-box sales. With the kiddies safely off to classes, more moms than ever are showing up at the Palms Danceband, the best little seedy bar in suburban East Dallas. By 9:30 a.m. the place is packed with night-shift workers and bored housewives. The most popular seats are across the large dance floor from the main entrance. "You can see who's coming in," explains one midday cowboy, "but it takes a while before they can see the back."

The Palms is nicknamed the "casse-role bar" because, with closing time at 3 p.m., women patrons can still get dinner on the table at 6. The Palms lost a lot of regular customers a few months ago when a newspaper published an exposé, but now things are back to normal. In the ladies' room, the nearby AA Nursery has even posted an advertisement showing a child playing. "Let your children swing while you swing," it says. The discount nursery rate for Palms customers: \$5 a day—\$1 less than the regular fee.



World

SOUTH AFRICA

Vorster's Double Shocker

A resignation and a stunning rejection may invite renewed warfare

Tense. Unemotional. Pragmatic. Unpredictable. Those were the hallmarks of Prime Minister John Vorster's twelve-year rule in South Africa, and never were they more evident than on his leaving last week.

In a brief, businesslike address to the country, speaking first in Afrikaans and then in English, Vorster, 62, declared that he was quitting his post as well as the leadership of the right-wing National Party, which has dominated South African politics for 30 years. He gave no reason, though his resignation had been widely rumored because of his failing health (he reportedly suffers from lung congestion and an embolism in his leg). But he made one thing plain: "Leave this office with no regrets whatsoever."

As if that announcement were not dramatic enough for one day's rumination, Vorster followed with another, this one concerning Namibia (South West Africa), the mineral-rich territory that South Africa has administered since 1920. South Africa, said Vorster, was withdrawing its earlier agreement to a United Nations-supervised plan to grant independence to Namibia. Instead, it would proceed with its own "internal settlement" and hold elections in the territory in November. Among the reasons: the U.N.'s postponement of elections from December until next April would endanger Namibia's security, and the proposed increase from 3,000 to 7,500 U.N. peacekeeping troops to supervise the transition period and

cease-fire had been decided upon without Pretoria's consultation. Both conditions, in South Africa's view, would favor the South West African People's Organization (SWAPO), the militant political group that has been engaged in a civil war with South Africa for the past twelve years.

In Western capitals as well as in Africa, the Vorster double shocker exploded with all the calculated force of a hidden mine. At U.N. headquarters in New York City, there was concern that the whole future of southern Africa was now cast into an ominous state of uncertainty. Vorster's turnaround on Namibia and his departure added up to an invitation to renewed warfare between South Africa and SWAPO, a fresh opening for Soviet and Cuban influence on the guerrillas, and ultimately a drive to impose economic sanctions against South Africa.

Former Prime Minister John Vorster



Defense Minister Pieter Botha



There was dismay, too, that Vorster was bowing out at the very moment when his brand of pragmatism was most needed. The Namibia decision was seen as a kind of backlash by Cabinet elders against what they regarded as U.N. high-handedness. The reasons given for the turnaround on the U.N. plan convinced no one. Pretoria, it was now clear, was not about to let SWAPO come to power, even in free elections. That means a long-term military commitment by South Africa in Namibia—and a dilemma for the U.S. and Britain, who will face pressure to punish South Africa's recalcitrance with economic sanctions. British private investment in South Africa totals \$10 billion, while trade amounts to \$3 billion. The U.S. has more than \$2 billion in trade and \$1.5 billion in private investment.

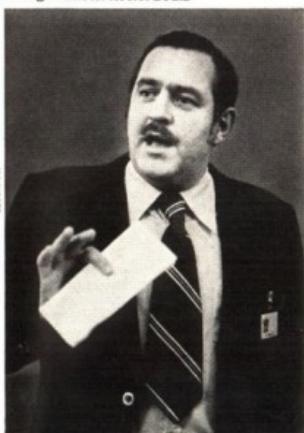
Balthazar Johannes Vorster, a lawyer by training, has been a dominant figure on the political scene since 1961, when he became Justice Minister. In that position he was a strict enforcer of apartheid, earning the nickname "Jackboot John" for introducing the drastic Sabotage Act of 1962 and such policies as detention of dissidents without trial and "banning"—a form of house arrest. When Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd was assassinated in 1966, Vorster succeeded to his office, and contrary to expectations, proved to be far more moderate and practical than his predecessor.

He relaxed some measures of "petty apartheid": post offices, parks and certain

Plural Relations Minister Cornelius Mulder



Foreign Minister Roelof Botha



hotels and restaurants were opened to blacks. But he pursued the policy of geographical separation, by which South Africa would be broken up into racial enclaves. Since the Soweto riots in 1976, racial tensions have worsened. In a sweeping "security" crackdown last October, the government arrested more than 50 black leaders and banned 18 black and interracial organizations. In retaliation, the U.N. imposed a mandatory arms embargo against South Africa.

This week the National Party caucus is expected to choose Vorster's successor. The top contenders:

Pieter W. Botha, 62, Defense Minister and most senior Cabinet member, filled in for Vorster during his absences and is regarded as the leading candidate. A tough and autocratic man who is not very well liked by his colleagues, he is considered less inflexible on racial issues than he is in security matters. He strongly favored the dispatch of South African troops into the Angolan civil war in 1975, and has led a no-holds-barred campaign against SWAPO. He has been one of the most persistent opponents of the West's Namibia plan.

Cornelius Petrus ("Connie") Mulder, 53, Minister of Information and Minister of Plural Relations (which oversees policy for nonwhites), is also a hard-liner, though he has made some modest reforms in his department. They include eliminating use of the disparaging name Bantus for blacks, and legislation upgrading facilities in black areas. His standing has been tarnished, however, by a scandal earlier this year involving financial irregularities in the information department.

Roelef F. ("Pik") Botha (no relation to P.W.), 46, Foreign Minister, is a moderate whose youth, engaging manner and advocacy of negotiation rather than confrontation have made him one of the most popular politicians in his country. Although he is said to be Vorster's personal choice for the succession, his lack of a strong power base within the party may be a major handicap.

As Vorster himself suggested in his farewell speech, his successor will have his hands tied to a considerable extent by his own Cabinet colleagues and the dictates of party policy. Traditionally, Nationalist ideology has been divided between so-called *verligte* (enlightened) and *verkrampte* (narrow-minded) elements, though these days it tends to break down more between younger and older Afrikaners, farmers and city dwellers. If the choice is for a *verligte* approach, South Africa—and the West—might yet be able to buy a little time to try to salvage a peaceable future in the region. If the *verkrampte* forces prevail, the confrontation between the U.N. and South Africa could come within months. At that event, the U.S. and Britain will have to join in economic sanctions or see the total collapse of the humane African policy, based on self-determination for blacks, that they have painstakingly constructed during the past two years. ■

NICARAGUA

End of a Beginning Battle

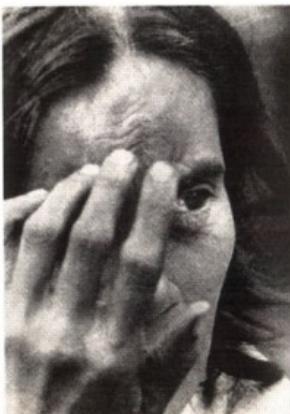
Tacho Somoza wins, but the wounds may not heal

For once *Novedades*, the Managua daily controlled by President Anastasio ("Tacho") Somoza's family, had it right: MOVEMENT SMASHED. After eleven days of bloody fighting, Sandinista rebels who had sought to overthrow Somoza by seizing key towns had been defeated by his powerful national guard. In an impressive strategy, the guard attacked Sandinista-held towns one at a time, cut off water and electricity, then supported an infantry assault with overwhelming firepower and air support.

The real question was whether Somoza had won the civil war, or merely the first battle in a campaign to oust his dic-

aragua's troubled economic situation. Washington has cut off military aid and late last week the Senate chopped \$8 million in economic assistance to Nicaragua from the \$9.2 billion aid bill. The war triggered a panicky outflow of capital, at least \$30 million, a small sum in a country with a G.N.P. of \$2.1 billion.

The national guard's brutality in suppressing the rebellion incensed leaders of the Roman Catholic Church, who until recent years had backed Somoza's regime. Church authorities in a letter to Jimmy Carter asked the President to halt all aid to Somoza's "death-dealing regime" and pleaded for U.S. support of the "just de-



Survivor of Esteli fighting in moment of anguish; body of victim lies in rubble-strewn street
Political problems, financial crisis, mindless brutality, and a cocktail party for the O.A.S.



tatorial regime. Although the Sandinistas slipped over into their wilderness hiding places, they had won something of a moral victory. They had shown that most Nicaragua's 2.6 million people are bitterly anti-Somoza. In town after town, armed only with pistols and hunting rifles, ordinary people ignored danger and risked reprisal to support the guerrillas. In León, an elderly doctor, patching up the wounded, paused long enough to offer this defiant assessment: "Our wounds will never heal, not as long as that murderer of his people remains."

Somoza's political opponents include not only the Marxist-oriented Sandinistas but the majority of Nicaragua's business, intellectual and religious leaders as well. They remain convinced that the fighting had exposed both economic and moral lesions that in time will destroy Tacho's nine-year-old regime.

The brief civil war had worsened Nic-

aragua's troubled economic situation. Washington has cut off military aid and late last week the Senate chopped \$8 million in economic assistance to Nicaragua from the \$9.2 billion aid bill. The war triggered a panicky outflow of capital, at least \$30 million, a small sum in a country with a G.N.P. of \$2.1 billion.

In Esteli, the last town to fall, tales of mindless brutality were recounted by bitter survivors. A young mother carrying her baby in a search for milk was machine-gunned without warning; the woman and her child died instantly. A ten-year-old boy, witnesses testified, was dragged from his house and shot, and half a dozen teen-agers were lined up against a wall and gunned down. One 14-year-old boy was tortured by guardsmen, who cut open his chest with a knife.

In León, a guardsman burst into a

World

house where three families had taken cover. Ordering the women aside, the soldiers grabbed six teen-agers in the room and pushed them out the door. They killed three of the boys on the doorstep and shot the rest after lining them up against a wall across the street. One of the guardsmen flirted with the mother of a boy who had just been shot. "You're lovely," he said. "I'll be back to visit you."

Opponents of the regime last week sought outside help to prevent any further such massacres. The U.S., seeking to preserve its options, decided not to intervene; anti-Somoza Nicaraguans complained that Washington was so afraid of the Sandinistas that it was ignoring the moderate

majority of the country's opposition. Meanwhile, the U.S. missile cruiser *Richmond K. Turner* suddenly appeared off the Pacific coast of Nicaragua that borders Costa Rica, leading to inevitable complaints of gunboat diplomacy. The Organization of American States, which the U.S. asked to investigate the killings, was reluctant to probe the problems of a member nation. At an emergency meeting in Washington, foreign ministers of only eight (out of 25) countries showed up. When an investigative team from Barbados, the Dominican Republic and Colombia was finally dispatched to Managua, its first order of business was a cocktail party. ■

recognizable. Even the few newer buildings of steel-beam construction had collapsed.

The earthquake triggered a rescue operation by Iran's armed forces. It came at a time when political demonstrations against Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi had brought on martial law in twelve major cities and bruising confrontations between military units and Iranian Muslims. But two hours after the disaster struck, as flights of C-130 aircraft set up a relief shuttle from Tehran, there was no enmity between soldiers and dissidents. Landing on a hastily bulldozed gravel strip that was almost obliterated by blowing dust, the C-130 unloaded medical teams, rescue units, field hospitals, food, medicine, blankets and water. By week's end almost 800 civilians who required major surgery had been airlifted to Tehran and other cities, while from Tabas, air force helicopters fanned out to assist survivors in surrounding villages.



REUTERS/THOMAS STAFFORD

City of Tabas after earthquake killed most residents and destroyed nearly all structures

IRAN

The Town That Disappeared

In 90 seconds, the year's worst earthquake kills 25,000

"I was driving home for dinner. Suddenly I thought I had four flat tires. Within seconds, all the houses on both sides of the street collapsed. Then the town disappeared into darkness."

It took only a few seconds more for Hassan Bandegi, 52, head of the town council in the pleasant northeastern Iran community of Tabas, to comprehend what was happening. In a country that has recorded 20,000 earthquakes and aftershocks in the past 18 years and suffered an estimated 100,000 casualties as a result, another tremor of major proportion had struck. In its aftermath last week, even seasoned rescue workers were appalled by what they found as they dug through the ruins of Tabas. Of the town's 17,000 people, as many as 15,000 had per-

ished in 90 horrifying seconds. Of 100 smaller villages scattered in a radius of about 60 miles, at least 40 had been leveled and an additional 10,000 lives lost. It was the world's worst earthquake of 1978. The toll of death and destruction was Iran's most calamitous since 1968, when an earthquake centered at Kakhk, 110 miles northeast of Tabas on the same geological belt, killed 12,000 people.

Tabas, an ancient oasis located between Iran's vast salt desert of Dashti-Kavir and the more forbidding Dashti-Lut (Naked Desert) to the south, never had a chance. When the tremors began, most residents were at home, eating or enjoying the cool desert breeze that had begun to blow after torrid daytime temperatures. Once the shaking subsided, only six buildings in the town were still

Listening to the tales of horror, the Shah could do little more than promise assistance. "We will rebuild your town," he told the survivors who pressed around him, "even if it will not be as beautiful and charming as the historic Tabas."

Meanwhile, rescue workers faced up to the grim, ultimate task in such disasters: bulldozing the ruins to prevent epidemic—even though there might still be survivors too deep to find, too weak to call out. Well diggers known as *manganis* were flown in from Kerman and Yazd to repair the ancient *qanats*, the giant underground system of wells and canals around the Kavir desert that for centuries have brought water to Tabas and greened its pools, palms and citrus trees. After slithering 180 ft. down into the canals to repair connections, they reported nervously that "the earth is growing down there." Tabas' terrible night, it seemed, might not be over. ■

Introducing the solution.

The low tar/low taste problem... solved! Camel Lights deliver the real satisfaction no other low tar cigarette can. But, then, no other low tar is a Camel.

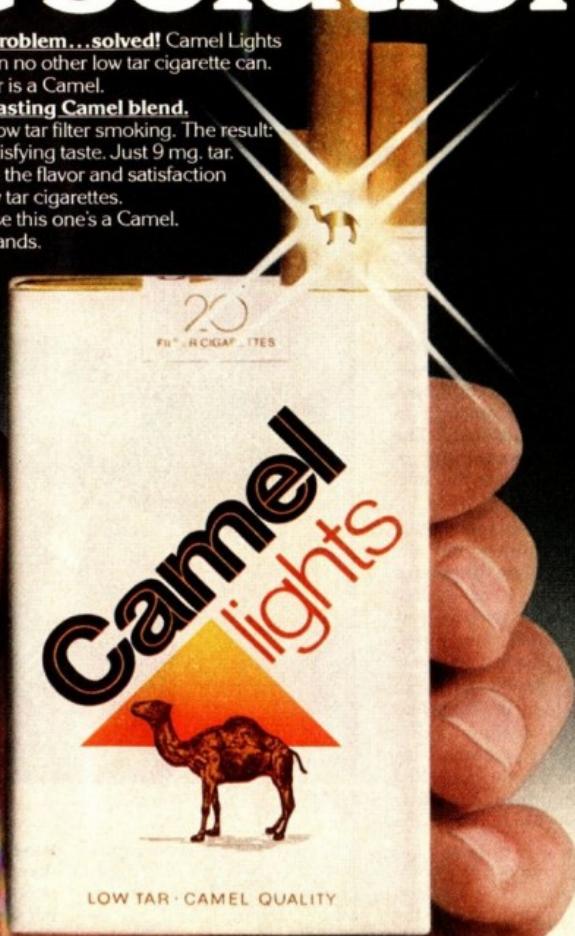
It starts with a richer-tasting Camel blend.

Carefully formulated for low tar filter smoking. The result: a rich, rewarding, truly satisfying taste. Just 9 mg. tar.

The name says it all. All the flavor and satisfaction that's been missing in low tar cigarettes.

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New
Camel Lights



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

A reader writes:

"You b----- are crybabies..."

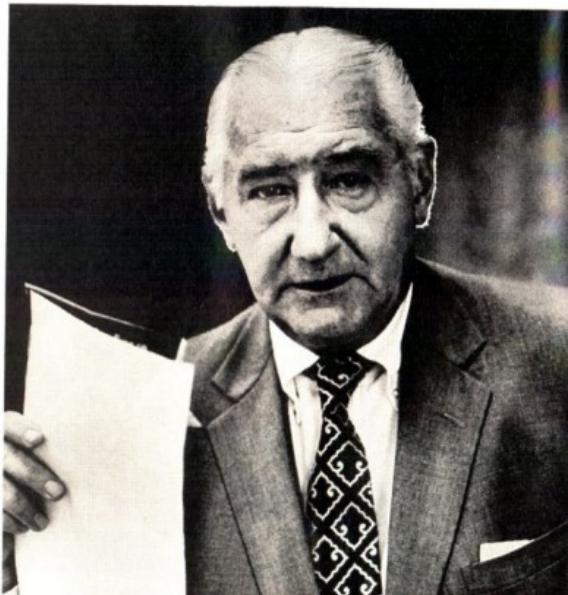
He also said we "have no guts."

These remarks are one reader's response to an advertisement in our recent corporate advocacy campaign, "In Search of Solutions." The campaign explored many of the problems facing the steel industry.

Other readers implied that we do not always tell the whole truth. One responded by suggesting, in effect, that the solutions to our problems are right under our noses. And a few made comments that aren't printable.

Are we crybabies with no guts? Many readers didn't think so. They wrote in support of our position or asked for more information in order to consider our side of the story.

Those readers who share our concern for a healthy economy apparently got the point of our message: there are no simple, easy solutions to the complex problems affecting the steel industry: en-



*Lewis W. Foy, Chairman
Bethlehem Steel Corporation*

ergy, pollution control, steel imports, government over-regulation, and tax reform among them. And we're searching hard to find solutions.

Effective communication on controversial issues in-

volves give and take and is rarely achieved instantaneously. For example, a number of misconceptions about the steel industry and its problems emerged in the mail generated by our campaign and in the public press.

Misconception.

The American steel industry is in trouble because it has been slow in adopting new steelmaking technology.

Fact. The subject of an alleged technology "gap" or "lag" in America's steel industry was covered in a report to Congress prepared by the Research Division of the Congressional Research Service, Library of Congress, November 1975. That report concludes: "The United States does not lag significantly behind the rest of the world in the several kinds of technology employed in the steel industry...."

In October 1977, the staff of the Council on Wage and Price Stability stated in its Report to the President on Prices and Costs in the United States Steel Industry: "A comparison of modern efficient plants in Japan and the U.S. shows a substantial Japanese cost advantage because of lower capital construction costs, and lower wage rates, and not because of better technology."

Although we don't always agree with the Council on Wage and Price Stability, this conclusion of its staff is one we're happy to share.

The fact is the American steel industry has spent a whopping \$20 billion-plus to modernize and upgrade existing plants over the past ten years alone. As a result, most of our facilities are a lot more modern than some people think. And much of the modern steel technology in use abroad actually evolved from developments right here in the U.S.A.

Misconception.

European and Japanese steelworkers turn out more tons per hour than American steelworkers do.

Fact. In terms of worker productivity, the American steel industry is well out ahead of most of its foreign competitors.

For the year 1976, here's how some of our overseas competitors stacked up when a value of 100 was assigned to the average output per hour of American steelworkers: French steelworkers rated in a range from 61-69, West Germans 81-90, British steelworkers 46-49, and Japanese 108-126.

These productivity ratings are based on data compiled by the U.S. Department of Labor, Bureau of Labor Statistics, Office of Productivity and Technology: "International Comparisons of Productivity and Labor Costs in the Steel Industry...," dated November 1977.

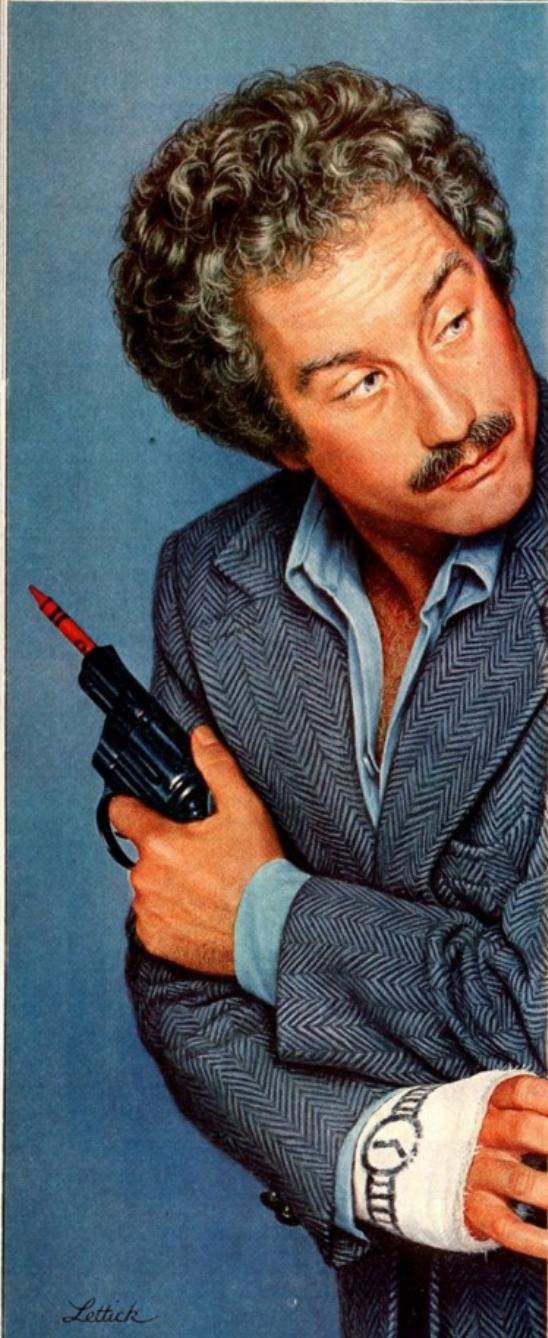
For more information about steel industry problems and our recommended solutions, write for our booklet, "In Search of Solutions." Public Affairs Department, Room 476-A, Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Bethlehem, PA 18016.



Bethlehem

Still in search of solutions





**Richard
Dreyfuss** as
Moses Wine
Private Detective

...so go figure

the **Big Fix**



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"THE BIG FIX"

Screenplay by ROGER L. SIMON
Based on His Novel
Directed by JEREMY PAUL KAGAN
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Lettick

World

BRITAIN

Oilgate's Slick Business

Government games let British crude leak into Rhodesia

For weeks the British press had been warming up, bannerizing the advance suspicions and denials that attend a grave and imminent scandal. The questions were incessant. Had the government proclaimed a stern law and then winked at its offenders? Who knew about the misdeeds? How much did they know? The affair that Britons were dubbing "Oilgate" threatened to reach into the highest places. At issue was whether ministers of the Crown in the years following Rhodesia's unilateral declaration of independence in 1965 were aware that British Petroleum (BP) and London-based Shell International were helping to supply oil to that outlaw colony in defiance of British statute and U.N. sanctions.

Last week the British government released a 500-page investigative report that seemed to confirm the worst suspicions. Not only has Rhodesia received a steady supply of petroleum products since its secession, but for at least eleven years British subsidiary companies were among the chief suppliers. Worse, Her Majesty's government, at the very time that it was publicly trumpeting its sanctions against Rhodesia, had quietly acquiesced in a plan to circumvent them.

The Bingham Report (named after Lawyer Thomas Bingham, appointed to head the investigation 16 months ago by Foreign Secretary David Owen) discloses that the oil sanctions began earnestly enough in the first weeks of furor just after Salisbury, resisting Britain's plans for black majority rule, declared its independence on Nov. 11, 1965. Within days, Parliament enacted the Southern Rhodesia Act, reaffirming Crown rule and authorizing the government to impose a variety of sanctions on the rebel colony. On Dec. 17, 1965, an executive order outlawed the shipment of petroleum and petroleum products to Rhodesia.

With a flamboyant wave of the Union Jack, the Royal Navy was ordered to blockade the Portuguese Mozambican port of Beira, where a new oil pipeline led into Rhodesia. The blockade lasted ten years, but was only window dressing. Shipments to Rhodesia continued to arrive at the old petroleum port of Lourenco Marques (now Maputo), several hundred miles to the south. From there the oil was shepherded by Shell Mozambique, a U.K.-incorporated firm, into the hands of South African brokers, who sent it north by rail through Mozambique to Rhodesia.

Mozambique and, much more important, South Africa were the glaring gaps in Britain's purported wall of sanctions against Rhodesia, and the government was not about to plug them. Reason: British investment in South Africa is huge—currently about \$10 billion—and trade

between the two nations amounts to nearly \$3 billion a year.

News gradually reached Britain that oil was still flowing into Rhodesia, and hopes for the success of sanctions gave way to dismay. As Lord Thomson (then Commonwealth Secretary and chairman of an informal Cabinet committee charged with handling the Rhodesia problem) told the Bingham inquiry, "We came increasingly to the conclusion that we couldn't bring the Rhodesian government to an end by sanctions unless we were prepared to apply them to South Africa. We were under no circumstances



Beira pipeline; inset, Lawyer Bingham

With a flamboyant wave of the Union Jack.

willing to do that. The best we could make of a bad job was to be in a position to say at least that there was no oil from British companies reaching Rhodesia."

Officials of the oil companies had worked out just such a solution. The French oil group TOTAL would supply Rhodesia through Mozambique, while BP and Shell would service TOTAL's customers in South Africa. Lord Thomson insists that he gave a "full account" of these arrangements in writing to Prime Minister Harold Wilson. The former P.M. now acknowledges a report from Thomson, but "not in the terms which have been suggested." Concludes the Bingham Report ambiguously: "The details of the TOTAL agreement were communicated to Her Majesty's government."

Ted Heath's new Tory government, which came to power in 1970, seems to have wanted to know as little as possible about the matter. Lord Home, Foreign Secretary under Heath, explains a bit lamely that the oil sanction issue "was never discussed." The Tories' see-no-evil, hear-no-evil policy apparently helped prompt the oil companies to drop the oil-swapping sham and return to direct shipments through Lourenco Marques. Not until a newly independent Mozambican government closed that door in 1976 did the trade stop. Today Rhodesia gets its oil directly from South Africa's supplies.

Prime Minister James Callaghan was deeply embarrassed by the affair. Late last week, with Foreign Secretary David Owen, Callaghan flew off to Nigeria to meet Zambian President Kenneth Kaunda for urgent discussions on the deteriorating situation in southern Africa—and also to convince black Africa that Britain's oily hands were finally clean. ■

JAPAN

Disarming Idea

Taking a shot at the gun lobby

The Japanese, unlike the Americans, deplore firearms. Their gun-control laws would bring tears to the eyeepieces of the National Rifle Association of America. Last year Japan recorded only about one shooting murder per 2.27 million people (50 such killings in all); the U.S. total was one 20,267 (or 10,698 in all). The Japanese did commit 1,075 other murders, but their methodology runs to the more intimate contact weapon, such as the kitchen knife or the blunt instrument.

But if the Japanese shun guns, they adore models of the real thing. Last year model-gun manufacturers turned out a \$25 million arsenal of 600,000 ersatz weapons, among them exact replicas of the Luger P08, the Walther P38 and the Mauser Military 7.63 mm. According to law, all barrels of metal models were colored yellow or white so as to discourage holdup men from fooling the public.

This color coding has not worked, since it is easy for a bandit with artistic bent to repaint his model gun to give it a menacing steel blue glow. Typical was the incident last July when a real robber brandishing a fake black Colt .38 held up a real Kyoto bank van carrying checks worth 50 million in real yen. That was the equivalent of 263,158 real dollars, which are fake nowadays in Japan anyway.

Now, much to the consternation of the Japan Model Gun Collectors Association (36,000 members), the National Police Agency is considering a ban on model guns too. The police are fed up, because holdup victims cannot tell the difference between a model pistol and the genuine article. If the ban succeeds, robbers may have to resort to rubber knives and bamboo bludgeons. ■

World

AFGHANISTAN

Ripe Apple in the Hindu Kush

Radical non-alignment poses a dilemma for the West

Feudal and remote, Afghanistan has long defended its independence by playing off ambitious foreign powers against one another. Now it is more deviously threatened as the Soviet Union attempts to become the dominant political force by offering increased trade and aid to its weak southern neighbor. The opportunity arose after April's bloody coup replaced the nepotistic regime of President Mohammed Daoud with the shakily neutralist Democratic Republic of Afghanistan. If Soviet influence succeeds in vaulting the towering Hindu Kush mountains, Afghanistan would provide the Russians with windows south to troubled Iran and Pakistan, and beyond. TIME New Delhi Bureau Chief Lawrence Malcolm, who covered the coup, returned to Kabul and cabled this report last week:

As so often happens with revolutions, purge has followed purge in Afghanistan. Half a dozen pro-Moscow leftist leaders were shifted abroad as ambassadors and later fired. Then the government turned on Brigadier Abdul Qadir, the Soviet-trained air force officer who helped bring it to power but was suspected of renewed ambitions. He is now in the detention barracks at Puli Charkhi tank base. The barracks are speedily being enlarged to house perhaps 1,000 centrist intellectuals, political extremists and dissident officers arrested by a worried government.

The internal power struggles have dangerously narrowed the government's political base, which is concentrated in a tiny urban and military elite. Support has been further eroded by dismissals of critically scarce but politically suspect management talent in favor of inexperienced loyalists. The former chief of the state airline, for example, now works as a telex operator; the new deputy health minister graduated from Kabul Medical School only last year. Never efficient, the frightened bureaucracy has now been slowed to a camel's pace.

The government is under pressure to deliver on its reformist pledges and has been forced to turn to Soviet advisers to fill the manpower gap. There are now about 3,000 Russians in Afghanistan. One-third of them are military officers; their numbers have tripled since the coup. Meanwhile, the regime is desperately seeking to broaden its base by courting mass support among the 18 million people in one of the world's poorest and most ungovernable tribal societies.

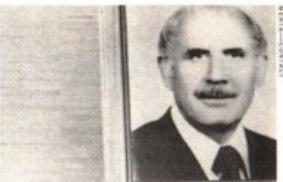
Photographs of Author-President Noor Mohammed Tarakki, 61, smile benignly from every conceivable public place, but the purges seem to have delivered the levers of power to Foreign Minister Hafizullah Amin. A former schoolteacher, Amin has so far managed to keep a sure foot on an ideological tightrope. When he is abroad in Havana or at the United Nations, his harangues often sound like those of a Communist, but at home he does not always act like one. He has eagerly signed aid deals with the U.S., Japan and the World Bank, which is setting up fruit-export agencies on profit-making lines. In an interview, Amin insisted that the Russians would never

manipulate his country or its economy, and disclosed that he had told both U.S. and Soviet ambassadors that "we want to retain our free judgment." But a shopping list of expensive prestige projects is being compiled at the planning ministry with Soviet advice, and Amin admitted that he has canvassed all non-Communist ambassadors for "cash commitments"—which some see as blank checks from Washington. He seeks more aid along with "sincerity, honesty and friendship of the people of the U.S., whom we highly respect." The Foreign Minister is a courteous man with the round, deliberately ingenuous face of the traditional Afghan rug dealer. But the consensus among Kabul's diplomatic community is that he is naively depending on the guile he used in the past to outmaneuver his opponents in the Afghan political bazaar.

The Soviet Union is already Afghanistan's largest customer and holds 62% of its \$1.75 billion foreign debt. Russian aid deals come ready-made on terms that would make even a Yankee trader blushing. Repayment is usually in commodities, and price and quantity are renegotiated annually. Orange growers on a Soviet-aided project are whipsawed when the fruit reaches the border, where Soviet inspectors often rate it substandard and lower the price. Afghan natural gas is piped over the border. The Russians have craftily installed the meters on their side and pay for the gas at about one-third the world price by bartering low-grade gasoline. New proposals are being discussed to exploit huge Afghan copper and fluorite deposits on terms that one international expert likens to those for Cuban sugar; such deals could tie Afghanistan irrevocably to the Soviet Union.

Even one Communist-educated intellectual allied to the regime pleads that his country is "not an apple" ready to fall to the Russians, and privately appeals to the U.S. to act like "a great power." But U.S. room for maneuver is as limited as the Afghans'. Conservative Muslim tribesmen in provinces bordering Pakistan have rebelled against government reforms; some air force squadrons, which strafed them last month, have been grounded by the arrest of pilots loyal to Qadir.

Policymakers in Washington and other Western capitals are in as excruciating a dilemma as Amin. Do they offer aid to prop up a shaky regime—which then might drop in the Russians' lap? Or let the government collapse—and risk a widening guerrilla war in an unstable region? Moscow, which has waited patiently since the time of the czars to consolidate its hold, faces no such agonizing choice. ■



TIME/LAWRENCE MALCOLM



Amin and portrait of President Tarakki



Soviet architects with master plan that they drew up for city of Kabul
Forging ties on terms that would make even a Yankee trader blush.

TASS-SOVFOTO

World

CAMBODIA

Dirge of the Kampuchean

New purges threaten a murderous regime

Red blood splatters the cities and plains of the Cambodian fatherland.

—National anthem of Kampuchea

Since the 1975 Communist takeover transformed Cambodia into Democratic Kampuchea, the prophecy of the new national anthem has been amply borne out. A series of political purges and a disastrous mass resettlement policy, combined with a nine-month-old border war with Viet Nam, have splattered, indeed drenched the country with blood.

Last week the regime of Premier Pol Pot was staggering under the weight of its own excesses. The government's ability to withstand Hanoi's military offensive was in jeopardy. Increasing numbers of once fanatically loyal Khmer Rouge were deserting to join the enemy forces. Peasants in Cambodian villages near the Vietnamese border had revolted, murdering the fierce Khmer "controllers" who police the villages. At the same time, 200 Cambodian civilians a week are desperately crossing minefields and other deadly border booby traps to take refuge in Thailand. More than 150,000 have already escaped to Viet Nam.

Pol Pot's four-month-old "purification" campaign promises to be more fearsome than the earlier massacres. According to an investigative report issued by the British Foreign Office last week, the earlier purges cost 100,000 lives "as the absolute minimum." In 1975-76, the victims were intellectuals, officials of the previous regime and members of the armed forces, once commanded by Marshal Lon Nol, who escaped to Hawaii in 1975. (Last week the deposed leader challenged Kampuchea's right to U.N. credentials.) In 1977 the government concentrated on killing regional Khmer Rouge commanders who had collaborated with the Vietnamese in the war against the U.S. The current purge aims to liquidate professionals, minor officials, and peasants and soldiers suspected of disloyalty. "The killing is proceeding methodically," observed a Thai military analyst in Bangkok. "Now they're getting down to cousins of cousins of Lon Nol's soldiers."

Responding to the purge threats, Khmer Rouge deserters combined with restive peasants to form a 25,000-man "liberation force" under the leadership of So Phim, a disaffected former Vice President of Democratic Kampuchea. The Vietnamese already occupy large areas of the so-called Fishhook region south of Mondolkiri province and a strategic bulge of Cambodia from Cheom Ksan to the Mekong River. They are now fighting for control of Parrot's Beak, where the U.S. invaded in 1970 (see map). Vietnamese troops are massing in Laos, near the Cam-

bodian frontier. When the monsoon ends in October, clearing skies will make air support possible for a major Vietnamese push south from Laos and north from South Viet Nam. If that offensive takes place, most military analysts believe Hanoi could easily take Mondolkiri and Ratanakiri provinces in a drive to dominate all of Cambodia east of the Mekong.

That scenario for conquest could be risky for Hanoi. A full-scale attempt to take over Phnom-Penh might well bring Viet Nam into direct conflict with Cambodia's formidable ally, China. But some analysts doubt that Pol Pot can rely heavily on Peking. In the past month he has sent emissaries to China with pleas for supplementary military aid. Though he has received gratifying messages from Chairman Hua Kuo-feng ("We support your struggle"), no substantial increase in aid has been forthcoming. Diplomatic observers in Southeast Asia believe that if the Pol Pot regime should be toppled



Cambodian refugees in Thailand



by Viet Nam or by a *coup d'état*, Peking would withdraw from Cambodia, cutting its losses while attributing the defeat to the weaknesses of an unworthy ally.

Whoever rules Cambodia in the foreseeable future will reign over a devastated land. According to refugees who have escaped into Thailand, the once lush province of Battambang in Western Cambodia is bare of all fruit and bereft of most of its people. In eerily deserted villages, papaya trees stand like bean poles, their fruit, then their leaves, having been torn off by starving peasants. According to the British Foreign Office study, since 1975 an estimated 2 million Cambodians have died of starvation and disease as a result of a campaign to drive city dwellers into the countryside, where there was insufficient food. Mass killings in the political purges and escapes across the border have further reduced the population.

Typical is the village of Ko Tayou near the Thai border. Of its 1975 population of 500, only 100 have survived; of these 90 are women. To compensate for the sharply lowered productivity of the village, the Khmer Rouge controller drives the survivors out into the fields at 4 a.m. for a twelve-hour workday. The daily food ration per person is seven spoonfuls of boiled rice gruel. Since last July there have been four suicides. Other peasants have gone berserk in the fields or have retreated into total, pathological silence. One Ko Tayou villager who fled to Thailand last month was Kim Am, 42, a Canadian-trained physician who survived the purges by masquerading as an illiterate peasant. According to Kim, at least 80% of the Cambodians he observed before his flight were suffering from some form of mental illness. "The only emotional outlet in Cambodia is thinking about escape," he said. "Sometimes a change of environment can cure such problems, but I'm afraid most of our people have been permanently damaged." Which is another way of saying that Kampuchea's national song is no longer an anthem, but a dirge.

Religion

Going "Beyond Charity"

Should Christian cash be given to terrorists?

Over the past eight years the World Council of Churches has given \$2,640,000 to groups that oppose "racism." More than half went to black organizations in southern Africa that have used guerrilla violence in trying to overthrow white minority regimes. The revolutionary grants program began when the W.C.C. general secretary was Eugene Carson Blake, a liberal U.S. Presbyterian with a flair for politics. It was controversial from the start, but the W.C.C. easily lined up enough backing from its 293 Protestant and Orthodox member denominations to fend off critics.

Now the Program to Combat Racism is in hot water again. Reason: a recent grant of \$85,000 to the radical Patriotic Front, which is seeking to bring down Rhodesia's tottering biaxial government and has been involved in ugly killings of unarmed civilians. The W.C.C. has been hit with a fierce wave of church protest.

Last week the council's Executive Committee conferred at the Hanasaari Conference Center near Helsinki. After closed-door sessions, the jittery officials issued a terse endorsement of the grant. However, TIME learned that there was intense debate over a further statement to be issued this week, and about a bold plan to grant another \$85,000 to the Patriotic Front.

That would inflame an already tense ecumenical situation. The Salvation Army has quit the W.C.C., at least temporarily, to protest the grant. There has been an "enormous disturbance" in British churches, says one Executive Committee member. As for West Germany—which now provides 42% of the budget for the financially pressed W.C.C.—official protests are muted, but one top churchman reports "bitter reaction in our churches." At the recent meeting of the world's Anglican bishops, a routine W.C.C. support motion got through only with an antiviolence rider attached. In the U.S., important elements in such W.C.C. member groups as the United Methodist Church, the United Church of Christ and the Greek Orthodox Archdiocese are upset.

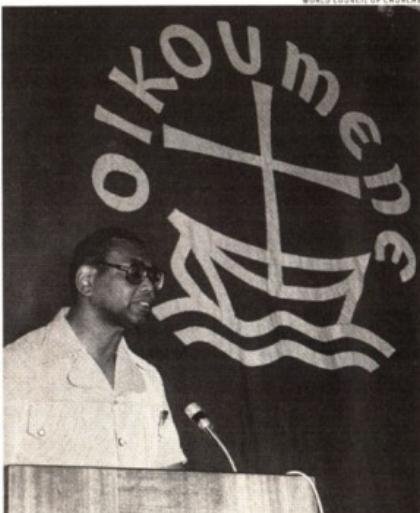
A standard, but erroneous, defense of the grant is that it was meant not to offer a "political judgment," as London's *Sunday Times* put it, but merely to help the

refugees—there are up to 100,000—who are cared for just beyond Rhodesia's borders by the revolutionary Patriotic Front. Opponents of the guerrillas argue that many of the refugees were forced to flee Rhodesia by Patriotic Front troops. Even if that is true, there is no doubt that many women and children in the camps are in a pitiable state and that their need

token amounts, allow the council to "move beyond charity and involve itself in the redistribution of power." The anti-racist money, raised separately from regular W.C.C. dues, is earmarked for welfare purposes, not military spending, but the W.C.C. does not monitor its use. Opponents say the grants amount to a moral endorsement of terrorism. Even America's pro-ecumenical *Christian Century* editorialized that because the welfare grants merely free funds for war use, those backing the armed struggle in Rhodesia should be candid about their role as "vicarious doers of violence."

In a bitter struggle like the one in Rhodesia, atrocities on both sides are inevitable. The Rhodesian guerrillas are accused of many attacks on non-combatants, including the murder of as many as 40 missionaries and members of their families. In June alone, two Salvation Army officers and four other missionaries were shot, and eight adults and five children from Britain's Elim Pentecostal mission were bludgeoned to death. The Patriotic Front officially disavows the Elim massacre and other bloody incidents. But the front's leaders, Joshua Nkomo and the Marxist-oriented Robert Mugabe, are probably unable to control their own forces. Many guerrilla commanders consider missionaries part of the country's administrative structure and may make religious groups targets for terror to undermine government control and encourage white flight. One guerrilla commander told TIME: "We've warned the missionaries to leave. If they don't heed our warnings, we can't help it if they get killed."

The Rhodesian grant raises an ancient and troubling question: Just how deeply should the church get involved in violent political disputes? The W.C.C. staff, headed by General Secretary Philip Potter, a West Indian activist who refuses to answer questions on Rhodesia, believes that Christian justice demands the "liberation" of oppressed peoples, a program that includes an end to white minority governments. And in that process, violence may be necessary. The Rhodesian grant, in fact, is popular among most Third World churches, and was approved by Canada's Anglican Primate E.W. Scott and other officers. The overall antiracist grants program survived unscathed at the 1975 W.C.C. Assembly in Nairobi, attended by delegates from all World Council member churches, where a pointed floor proposal to deny church money to violent organizations was voted down. ■



General Secretary Philip Potter with World Council symbol
"We can't help it if the missionaries get killed."

for Christian charity is overwhelming.

Traditional W.C.C. refugee assistance, though, is provided by the council's nonpartisan and respected relief commission. Funds are given through the antiracism program to make a political statement. In an explanatory document, the World Council attacked Rhodesia's so-called internal settlement between blacks and whites, arguing that it "leaves the illegal white minority regime in effective control and gives it a veto over real change for the next decade." As it happens, two of the four leaders of the Rhodesian regime are W.C.C.-related black clergymen, Bishop Abel Muzorewa and Ndabaningi Sithole, themselves recipients of past grants.

According to an official W.C.C. paper, the antiracism grants, admittedly

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11:50 am	Tu Su	via Anchorage	4:30 pm

FLIGHT 4: Daily 747 return service to Chicago

LEAVE TOKYO			ARRIVE CHICAGO (Same day)
3:20 pm	ex Mo We	NONSTOP	12:50 pm
3:20 pm	Mo We	via Anchorage	3:37 pm

FLIGHT 7: Daily 747 service from Seattle/Tacoma

LEAVE SEATTLE/TACOMA			ARRIVE TOKYO (Next day)
1:40 pm		NONSTOP	3:35 pm

FLIGHT 8: Daily 747 return service to Seattle/Tacoma

LEAVE TOKYO			ARRIVE SEATTLE/TACOMA (Same day)
6:00 pm		NONSTOP	10:35 am



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Law

Unhappy over Hookers

Unable to live with them or without them

Before setting off for the Crusades seven centuries ago, Louis IX of France ordered the kingdom's bordello closed. Uprooted but unfazed, many French prostitutes proceeded to join the Crusaders, traipsing along to the Holy Land as camp followers. Modern rulers have not had much better luck. When the French government cracked down on prostitution three years ago, the ladies of the night took sanctuary in churches.

Other European countries have learned to live more or less equably with the oldest profession. But in such matters the New World is less tolerant and straightforward than the Old. Although prostitution is officially a crime, the U.S. supports an estimated half-million hookers, while trying to put them out of business with an incredible hodgepodge of laws. Both in letter and spirit the laws entangle the states in ambiguous moral and constitutional questions, often with confusing results.

Just this month, for instance, New York began to apply its new "anti-john" law, imposing stiffer penalties for prostitutes' clients (johns) who in the past usually got off with the equivalent of a traffic ticket. Early hauls have included a 69-year-old man from New Jersey, let off in deference to his age. Other offenders will not get off so lightly. For patronizing a prostitute under age 11, the term can run as high as seven years.

The anti-john law is only the latest effort by New York to cut off the most baneful aspect of the trade—traffic in minors

—and to get prostitutes off the street. The city is still trying to enforce, with some success, the stiff, two-year-old antiloitering law (not coincidentally passed on the eve of the 1976 Democratic National Convention in New York City). Prostitution is somewhat less visible now. But the wording of the antiloitering law, which allows arrests for "repeated beckoning," is claimed to be unconstitutional. Once upheld by the New York State Court of Appeals, the law is being tested again by the New York Civil Liberties Union.

Police trying to enforce it, at any rate, have swept up along with the hookers a 25-year-old Radcliffe graduate on the way home from the movies and a church worker counseling prostitutes. Meanwhile, pimps, the most noxious corner of the prostitution triangle, often go untouched. Convicting them is difficult because prostitutes are frequently afraid to testify against them. The Manhattan district attorney's office will use most of \$200,000 it just received from the state for combating pimps to change the prostitutes' minds and lives with protection and "travel home" money.

Chicago has also been zeroing in on pimps this year. Last year the emphasis was on customers, who were picked up at the rate of 40 a night. That campaign has been taken up by local volunteers who have formed the Broadway Hookers Patrol, roaming Chicago's northeast side streets and shining flashlights in the faces of embarrassed johns and copying down their license plate numbers. Out in Joliet, Ill., the local paper hopes to cut down on the trade by printing the names of arrested johns. Included thus far on the Joliet list: a priest and a judge.

Chicago has had its loitering law against streetwalkers declared unconstitutional. Now police there, as is often the case in other cities, are forced to bring in prostitutes by charging them with disorderly conduct or traffic violations. Last week a lower court Detroit judge, William C. Hague, dismissed 84 prostitution cases. All over the country the struggle ebbs and flows: streetwalkers become brazen, the public complains, the city responds with tougher laws and arrests. The prostitutes move off the streets. The police start worrying more about muggers and murderers. The constitutionality of the law is challenged. The hookers return, like the tide. Police chiefs tend to sound like a gloomy Greek chorus about this endless cycle. The revolving door of the court system is expensive and fruitless. Prostitutes plead guilty; the judge slaps down a fine and lets them go. To pay the



Woman being booked by police

"The oldest profession for a reason."

fine, they have to turn more tricks and soon wind up back in court.

Faced with the intractability of crime and street prostitution that the proliferation of pornography brings with it, Boston tried at least to keep it all in one place. The "combat zone," a two-block downtown area full of strip joints, peep shows and streetwalkers, was designated an Adult Entertainment District, and police tended to ignore "victimless crime." But in a few months the rate of street solicitation and crime, along with police corruption, rose alarmingly. After a Harvard football player was stabbed to death, the authorities had to crack down again.

Illicit and anonymous, afraid of the law, prostitutes are constantly driven into the underworld both as criminals and victims. Some civil libertarians believe that simply eliminating criminal sanctions against them would break the connection between prostitutes and crime. The view seems unrealistic, if only because street prostitutes, legal or illegal, acquire large amounts of tempting cash and need outside help in defending themselves as they ply their trade. A more practical solution is the one proposed by Chicago American Civil Liberties Union Attorney David Goldberger: "Prostitution is the world's oldest profession for a reason. It can't be stamped out. It at least ought to be legalized and regulated." That may be a long time coming, though not for reasons of law and law enforcement. Although he notes that legalized prostitution seems to work well in Amsterdam, Florida Prosecutor Leonard Glick warns that legalization along with necessary police protection is "not politically feasible in this country. The puritanic heritage of Americans just won't allow it."



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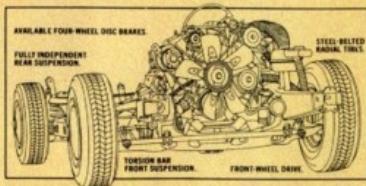
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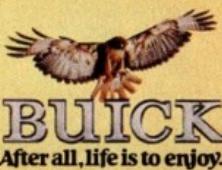


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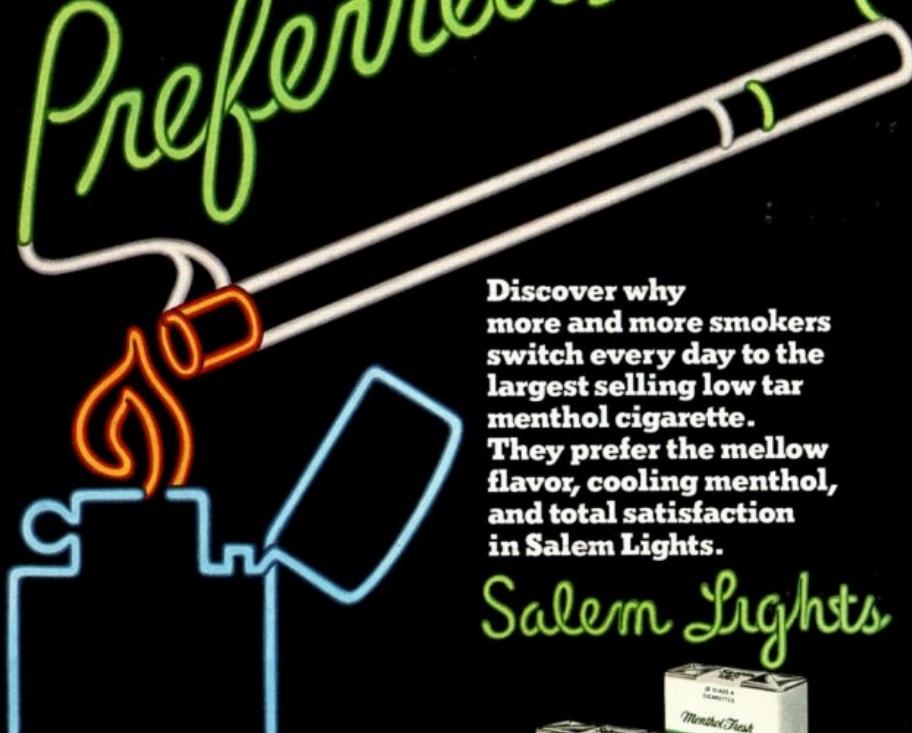
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Law

Bird Hunt

*Justice vs. politics
in California*

In California, State Supreme Court justices can usually afford to sit high above the political fray. Once appointed by the Governor, they need face the voters only for a yes or no vote at the next gubernatorial election before serving a twelve-year term, and in the past that public endorsement has proved to be little more than a rubber stamp.

But this year is different. After only 18 months in office, Chief Justice Rose Bird, the first woman ever put on the California high court, is in danger of becoming the first justice ever voted off it. Last week the state G.O.P. came out against her as "a serious threat to the California courts"; by November a coalition of Bird hunters will have spent upwards of \$600,000 on a campaign to clip the judge's wings. Late last week, Bird's chances of hanging on improved somewhat when the State Supreme Court approved the constitutionality of Proposition 13, the highly popular tax-cut measure.

Bird's appointment was attacked from the outset because she was considered "soft" on crime and the death penalty, and because she had no prior experience as a judge. (Neither did Felix Frankfurter or Earl Warren before they sat on the U.S. Supreme Court, her defenders pointed out.) "She has a very clear mind, a good heart and strong administrative legal skills," said Governor Jerry Brown when he elevated Bird to the court from her prior post as head of the state's agriculture and services agency. "She is vindictive, snaps back and is autocratic as she can be," charges conservative State Senator Hubert Leon ("Bill") Richardson, who launched the campaign to unseat her. Richardson accuses the judge of poor administration and using judicial appointments to consolidate her own political power. Off the record, a few of her colleagues on the court echo the last complaint. Of Bird's practice of using lower court judges to fill temporary vacancies on the supreme court, one justice says: "There's power building here, and it's under the heading of experimentation."

A former public defender with a liberal background (at 15 she campaigned for Adlai Stevenson), a graduate of Berkeley's law school, Bird, 41, is also under fire for her vote in a controversial rape case. A man who had raped a woman over a four-hour period, while holding a knife over her and inflicting minor lacerations, did not commit "great bodily injury," ruled the court. The majority opinion was written by one of Bird's temporary appointees, and Bird concurred, alienating law-and-order advocates and many feminists, her natural allies.

However unpopular her vote in the



Chief Justice Rose Bird

"Common sense and basic decency."

rape case, Bird maintained that she was doing no more than deferring to the meaning given great bodily injury by popularly elected lawmakers. "Personal repugnance toward these crimes cannot be a legitimate basis for rewriting the statute as it was adopted by the legislature," she wrote. Stanford Criminal Law Professor John Kaplan agrees: "Rape, in itself, shouldn't be bodily harm. I think that's what the legislature meant. There's a whole line of cases about this."

In another revealing case, the judge ruled on a divorce settlement, upholding the right of a wife who had spent 28 years as a homemaker and mother to receive support. "This has nothing to do with feminism, sexism, male chauvinism," she wrote. "It is ordinary common sense, basic decency and simple justice."

Bird seems to be a strict constructionist rather than an activist who wants to impose her own views on legislators. Her predicament stems from her outspokenness, affiliation with Jerry Brown and just plain politics. For the most part, she has wisely tried to maintain judicial aloofness from the politics swirling around her. But in a speech last month, she blasted "extremists" for believing that "they can influence the votes of us on the supreme court by threatening us with recall or defeat at the polls if we decide contrary to their views on a political issue. These individuals would suggest a new rule of law for the judiciary, a new type of politics for the courts. It is, to use the clearest terms, the rule of extortion." One San Francisco lawyer, sardonically contemplating the possibility of Governor Brown's defeat in his November re-election race, along with the Bird referendum, said, "If you had a new Republican Governor and a vacancy on the supreme court, that would be nice, wouldn't it?" ■

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The members of TIME's board at their latest quarterly meeting: Robert Nathan, Joseph Pechman, Murray Weidenbaum, Otto Eckstein

Economy & Business

No Crash of '79 Coming Up

TIME's *Board of Economists* sees only a slowing, then more growth

The Crash of '79? Forget it. Oh, sure, there will be a quarter or two of very slow growth next year, but the odds are against anything that could even be called a recession. And if a recession does strike, it will be shallow and short.

That is the forecast of TIME's Board of Economists, who gathered in Manhattan for their quarterly assessment of the outlook, and in the context of recent grim economic tidings, it is rather reassuring. Last week, for example, the Commerce Department reported that the annual rate of inflation in the second quarter was 11%, even worse than first estimated. President Carter huddled with his economic advisers to plan a Stage Two anti-inflation program and warned in a speech to the steelworkers that it will be "tough" and require "some sacrifice from all." The Federal Reserve made some additional moves to tighten credit, the dollar sank to a new low against the Swiss franc, and prices worried down again on the stock exchanges.

True, the Government also reported that in the second quarter real gross national product—the nation's output of goods and services, adjusted for inflation—rose at an annual rate of 8.7%. That rate is obviously unsustainable, however, and a slowdown has already begun. Though no one—not even Author Paul Erdman—really believes the apocalyptic prophecies in his bestselling novel *The Crash of 79*, some serious forecasters fear a genuine slump next year.

The only member of the Board of Economists to predict a recession next year is Beryl Sprinkel, executive vice president of Chicago's Harris Bank, and he foresees a mild and brief one. His forecast: real G.N.P. will drop 2.4% in the third quarter next year and 3.2% in the

fourth quarter, but start back up in early 1980. Alan Greenspan, formerly President Ford's chief economic adviser, also sees a recession—but not until 1980, and then so gentle that it will just about meet the technical definition: two successive quarters of declines in real G.N.P.

The other economists expect only a kind of pause. Otto Eckstein, president of Data Resources Inc., a forecasting firm, offers a precise computerized prediction: the growth of real G.N.P. will slow from 3.9% in the current quarter to 3.2% in late 1978, 1.9% in the first quarter of 1979 and 1.1% from April through June next year. But then it will pick up enough to produce a growth rate of 3.1% for all of 1979; that would not be far below the 3.9% expected this year, and is probably about as much as the economy can afford without generating even worse inflation. Eckstein's colleagues differ somewhat on the exact timing and shape of the slowdown, but they accept his general outline.

The board's forecast assumes some temporary increase in unemployment next year—perhaps to 6.3% or 6.4% next summer, in Eckstein's view—from last month's relatively cheering rate of 5.9%. Also, the slowdown will do little if anything to temper inflation, which is expected to average 8% this year as measured by the Consumer Price Index. Robert Nathan, who heads an economic consulting firm in Washington, thinks the rate may come down a point or so next year, but he is the board's optimist. Sprinkel believes inflation may actually worsen a little next year; the others see little or no change. And inflation will keep the dollar in trouble: Monetary Expert Robert Triffin thinks it may steady in the next six months, but plunge again in 1979.

But at least inflation will run below the double-digit rates of last spring, permitting the Federal Reserve Board to ease up on its pressure for higher interest rates. Right now, rates are still going up: major banks have just raised their basic charge on business loans to 9 1/2%, from 9% in early summer and 8% at the start of the year. However, board members generally expect that interest rates will peak out before the end of 1978, and back down a bit next year. Nathan foresees declines of around a point on most borrowing rates, and a half-point or more on mortgage loans, which now cost home buyers an average 9.7%. Meanwhile, the economy seems to be developing a surprising immunity to high interest rates. Housing has often led the nation into recession by collapsing at the first sign of tight money, but in August new-home starts still ran at a fast annual rate of more than 2 million. One reason: many buyers consider a new house the best investment they can make in a time of high inflation.

Some other reasons for thinking that the business slowdown will not deepen into recession: averaging out quarterly swings, the 42-month-long expansion has been moderate so far, and has not produced the excesses—a too rapid pile-up of business inventories, for example—that can be corrected only by recession. Consumer buying has held up fairly well, business investment in new plant and equipment is picking up a bit, and both should be spurred by the tax reduction of \$16 billion to \$18 billion a year that Congress is about to enact. In 1979, though, that cut will just about offset the impact of higher Social Security taxes and the erosion of both consumer and business purchasing power caused by inflation.

Nonetheless, there are enough uncer-



Alan Greenspan, Robert Triffin, Beryl Sprinkel, Arthur Okun (absent from the session: David Grove)

TED THAL

tainties to make any forecast subject to serious error. Democrat Arthur Okun, who was chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under Lyndon Johnson, is concerned that the Federal Reserve may yet push interest rates high enough and squeeze hard enough on the U.S. money supply to bring about a recession. In the absence of any effective anti-inflation program from the Carter Administration, says Okun, "the Fed really has only two buttons in front of it. One says, 'Validate 7½% inflation' [by pouring out enough money to permit prices to go on rising at that rate]. The other says, 'Cause a recession.' And there are people I know on the Federal Reserve who feel that validating the inflation would be an impeachable offense."

The Stage Two recommendations drawn up by President Carter's advisers center on wage-price guidelines—7% for wages and 6% for prices are the most widely rumored figures—that would be technically "voluntary" but nonetheless backed by a threat of federal penalties against violators. Okun speculates that the Government might require the 100,000 or so firms doing business with it to sign binding pledges to observe the guidelines before they are allowed to bid on the \$80

billion worth of federal contracts awarded each year. Such a proposal is in fact on Carter's desk.

Okun concedes that a binding-pledge policy would be a "do-or-die, make-or-break" gamble. If so many businessmen refused to sign that the Government was forced to buy from non-pledgers—or, worse, if the Administration winked at violations as the price of avoiding crippling strikes—President Carter would lose all chance of winning wage-price restraint. In Okun's view, the risk in not adopting a tough guidelines policy is worse: negotiations next year in the construction, auto and trucking industries could result in a wage explosion that would push inflation firmly back to double-digit rates. Joseph Pechman, director of economic studies at the Brookings Institution, adds that the White House could improve chances for labor compliance by promising that if prices rise beyond the guidelines, income tax rebates would be granted to any workers who were hurt because their unions had settled for modest wage boosts.

Republicans Greenspan, Sprinkel and Washington University Professor Murray Weidenbaum strongly oppose guidelines and do not believe they would work: even

if union leaders negotiated moderate wage pacts, rank-and-file workers would vote them down. Weidenbaum adds that the result might be strikes—by the Teamsters, for example—that could tip the economy into a recession he does not now expect. The Republican board members believe that inflationary fever can be lowered only by the slow-acting medicines of lower federal spending, reduced deficits and moderate growth in the money supply.

If inflation can be held in check—a big if—the outlook past the 1979 slowdown seems bright. Greenspan sees a trend throughout the industrial world toward more conservative tax, spending and money-supply policies aimed at spurring investments. As a result, he believes, the U.S. and other industrial powers have a good chance of coming out of "the malaise of the 1970s" into a long era of moderate but steady and less inflationary growth in the 1980s. Eckstein foresees some danger, but a rather pleasant one. Once the slowdown is over, he thinks, the economy will expand so rapidly through 1980 that by early 1981 "a safely re-elected Carter Administration"—or its successor—will be faced with the problem of slowing it down again. ■

The Disincentive Factor

What keeps the welfare rolls long? One answer may be that Government programs and the tax system work to reduce the incentive for the deprived to take jobs, at least in areas where welfare benefits are high. That is the conclusion of an analysis of inner-city family income in Los Angeles by Economist Arthur ("Curve") Laffer, who has popularized the theory that lower tax rates lead to increased business activity and therefore to higher tax revenues.

Laffer found that a family of four in which no one works receives \$739.33 a month if it takes advantage of all available welfare benefits and other payments, such as food stamps and housing subsidies. If one member works, family earnings are not much higher, because taxes go up and payments go down. If the job holder has wages of \$100 a month, the family has an additional \$31.54 of spendable income. If he has wages of \$500, the extra income is only \$65.77. At \$700 the added income dips slightly, for various reasons, to \$65.28.

If his wages are \$1,000, he adds a mere \$167.98 to the family income. Although other economists have shown that changes in taxes and benefits have little effect on poor people's motivation to work, Laffer argues that the system clearly provides scant incentive to get off welfare.

Laffer added up all the disincentives for the working poor. Employee Social Security taxes take 5.85% of wages; up to 10% goes to state and federal income taxes. Aid to families with dependent children, which amounts to \$423 a month for a nonworking family of four, is progressively reduced by 35¢ to 50¢ for each dollar of wages earned. The rent subsidy for a family with no one employed is \$273 a month for a three-bedroom apartment in an elevator building. If a family member takes a job, the subsidy is gradually lowered, to \$110 a month at an income of \$1,000. Any family that earns more than \$567 a month forfeits free medical care. Food stamps worth \$48 a month are progressively reduced to zero at an income of \$500 a month. Concludes Laffer: "Far from being an assault on the poor, a tax cut, along with some changes in benefit programs, would help lower-income groups."



Arthur Laffer

Economy & Business

No WIN Campaign

Peterson's principles

The Nixon Administration had the shop harder program, which urged housewives to flock to store food sales. Gerald Ford had his WIN (Whip Inflation Now) crusade. Now comes the Carter Administration's entry in the P.R. war against rising prices: a 16-page booklet titled *A Consumer's Shopping List of Inflation Fighting Ideas*. The guide's producer, Esther Peterson, 71, the feisty \$51,000-a-year head of the Office of Consumer Affairs, says that the idea is "to help you cope" and to show people how to "stretch their food, housing, energy and health care dollars." Some of Peterson's advice for the inflation-worn:

FOOD. Before going to the grocery store, advertised sales should be checked. Shopping should be done at the end of the month when there are more specials.

FUEL. Oil furnaces and air ducts should be checked out at least once a year, preferably in summer, when off-season rates apply. Install weather stripping if a quarter can be slipped under outside doors.

HEALTH. Dental bills can be reduced by visiting dental schools, where the patients' work is done by students.

Peterson, an Assistant Secretary of Labor during the Kennedy years, was the first person to fill the White House consumer post after Lyndon Johnson created it in 1964. Reappointed by Carter, and enjoying somewhat greater clout in the Oval Office, she helped persuade the President to raise beef import quotas in June as a way to drive down meat prices, and she is lobbying for legislation to keep coffee and sugar prices low. Of her new publication she says: "It's not pabulum. It's a WIN button."



The consumer's champion in her office

How to stretch those dollars.



European Community Vice President Haferkamp and U.S. Negotiator Strauss in Washington

A Ticking Time Bomb in Trade

The Europeans threaten, yes, a ham-and-cheese war

The letter to U.S. Chief Trade Negotiator Robert Strauss carried the strident ring of an ultimatum. Signed by Wilhelm Haferkamp, the German vice president of the European Community, and approved in advance by the Foreign Ministers of the nine member nations, it brusquely warned Washington that the Nine would retaliate if the U.S. began collecting extra import duties on a wide variety of their products. It also intimated that the Community would walk out of the three-year-old Tokyo Round trade talks, thus scuttling any possibility for their successful conclusion. What could follow, Haferkamp wrote, would be "a trade war of considerable dimensions."

The reason for the European threat is a fast approaching deadline, which Haferkamp terms a time bomb. On Jan. 3, 1979, unless Congress passes a special bill delaying action, the U.S. customs service will begin collecting so-called countervailing duties on a long list of imported goods, headed by Danish canned hams and including a variety of European dairy products, such as Dutch Edam and French Camembert. Later the tariffs might be extended to many more items, including steel and perhaps some cars.

The U.S. action is mandatory under an 1897 law that orders levies slapped on imports that benefit from subsidies at home and thus theoretically can undersell U.S.-made products. In 1974, shortly before the onset of the Tokyo Round of talks under the 84-nation General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT), Congress voted a four-year holiday on the imposition of the countervailing duties. The hope was that in the meantime the Tokyo Round would end and the dispute over subsidized exports be resolved.

Unfortunately, the negotiations, which are being held in Geneva, have

dragged on and on. Despite a Dec. 15 deadline for a final pact, many of the thorniest issues still defy solution; they include not only the subsidy question but also such matters as the ground rules for trade between developed and less developed countries. The 500 delegates from 98 nations have been meeting daily at GATT headquarters near the old Palais des Nations, but they are unlikely to reach agreement before time runs out.

Aware of the peril, Robert Strauss last month huddled in Washington with congressional leaders in an effort to get an interim bill that would delay the duties. To his dismay, he found the mood on Capitol Hill running so strong against freer trade that he feared the bill would be either killed or encrusted with various protectionist amendments. He reported this to the Europeans and received the rocket from Haferkamp.

By talking tough to Strauss, the Europeans clearly hope to strengthen his hand with Congress. And perhaps they will. This week congressional leaders will begin considering a stop-gap method that would delay U.S. customs reprisals in return for a preliminary agreement on the subsidy issue at GATT. Still, the letter is not a bluff; if the U.S. does slap on the countervailing duties, the Europeans would have no choice except to retaliate in kind and wreck the Tokyo Round. Since the 1973 oil crisis, protectionist sentiment has been spreading rapidly. A GATT study shows that 40% of world trade is now subjected to some sort of restriction, whereas in 1960 only 25% was. A serious outbreak of tariff raising between the U.S. and its European trading partners could cause chaos in the world market. The best hope for averting the looming trade war is the realization on both sides of the Atlantic that it would harm all and help none. ■

The "Innovation Recession"

A new worry about the U.S. economy: the decline in R. and D.

While the devaluation of the dollar may be the most dramatic measure of the U.S.'s reduced clout in world commerce, another event may ultimately have a greater impact on the nation's economic health. It is the shocking decline of good old Yankee ingenuity, otherwise known as research and development.

The U.S. has always prided itself on being the world's undisputed leader in technological innovation. Since World War II foreign demand for aircraft, computers, automated tools and other products of American labs and workshops could be relied on to provide a fat surplus in the nation's balance of trade. No more. Though the U.S. still retains an overall lead in total amounts spent on R. and D. and in numbers of new inventions, its chief economic rivals are expanding their research efforts at much faster rates. One consequence is becoming dramatically clear this year: because the U.S. no longer commands such a high share of the world's high-technology market, it no longer can offset its large imports of low-technology items such as shoes and clothing. As a result, in 1978 the country will import substantially more manufactured goods than it will export. The deficit for the first half of 1978 was \$14.9 billion, which will do more damage to the trade balance this year than anything but the \$40 billion in oil that the U.S. will import. By contrast, West Germany and Japan are expected to run surpluses in manufactured goods of \$49 billion and \$63 billion respectively.

According to the National Science Foundation, in the years 1953 through 1955 the U.S. introduced 63 "major" technological innovations. West Germany, Japan, Britain and France had together only 20. But now foreign competitors are bringing out as many new products and processes as the U.S.—or more. In the category of new patents, a key measure of R. and D. vitality, American inventors were granted 45,633 patents by major trading partners in 1966, while the U.S. gave only 9,567 to non-Americans that year. By 1976, however, the so-called patent balance had shifted radically. The number of U.S. inventors granted patents abroad dropped by more than 25%, to 33,181, while the number of foreigners gaining U.S. patents had almost doubled, to 18,744. Says Frank Press, the chief White House science adviser: "It is the trends that are important, and the percentage increases in some countries are growing faster than here."

Why did the trends begin to shift? Arthur M. Bueche, senior vice president for R. and D. at General Electric, which remains the most research-oriented of big U.S. companies (862 patents won last year), is concerned about a change in the American character. Says he: "We've

gone from an expansive, gung-ho attitude to a defensive, 'What's in it for me?' attitude." Faced with a challenge, Americans are now more likely to say, "Let's not risk it." Among factors behind the U.S.'s "innovation recession":

THE MONEY DROUGHT. Since the post-Sputnik days of 1964, when public and private spending on R. and D. reached a peak of 3% of the gross national product, such spending has slipped to just 2.3% of G.N.P. That is appreciably lower than West Germany's 3.1%, and uncomfortably close to Japan's 1.8% and even France's 1.5%. Furthermore, while foreign countries spend very little on military research, the U.S. dedicates almost 50% of its R. and D. expenditures to defense-related projects. At the same time, federal spending on basic research has fallen in constant dollars from \$2.8 bil-

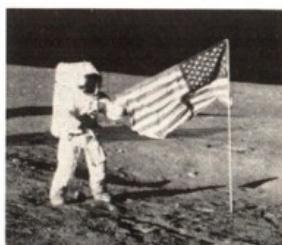
lion in 1967 to \$2.6 billion in 1977. Yet industry's R. and D. investment has risen from \$8.1 billion in 1967 to \$19.4 billion ten years later, although inflation has eroded the impact of that increase.

BURGEONING BUREAUCRACY. Government sponsorship of R. and D. has become increasingly stultifying and counterproductive. Research scientists complain that they spend more time dealing with the red tape that goes with Government support than in the lab. The Department of Energy, to cite just one example, requires seven approvals prior to the start of a research contract. Another fear expressed by many scientists: a growing share of Government-sponsored R. and D. is not true research at all but only the quest for instant remedies to satisfy the rising numbers of regulations on safety, health and environmental protection flowing from Washington.

THE QUICK-RETURN SYNDROME. Partly because more and more stock in companies is held by pension funds and other large institutions that are both conservative and concerned with ever improving



Some milestones in American Ingenuity: Thomas Edison's electric light; an early radio; a Philco television set; an Apollo astronaut on the moon in 1969



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Economy & Business

bottom-line performance, managers in private industry have become more interested in merely improving existing products than going to the trouble and expense of devising new ones. Vague research projects, whose benefits may be far off, are even less likely to get boardroom backing. But in such situations, asks Lowell W. Steele, GE's manager of R. and D. planning, "how do we compete against a country like Japan, which considers ten or 15 years a perfectly acceptable lead time for development?"

RISK-CAPITAL SHORTAGE. Although many of the most successful companies in computer technology and semiconductors were founded as modest operations only a decade or so ago, the scientist with a brilliant idea is hard put to find financial backing these days in the equity markets. As recently as 1972, 104 small R. and D.-oriented firms were able to raise seed money on the stock exchanges. At last tabulation, only four had done so. One reason for the drying up of venture capital: the maximum tax on capital gains was raised from 25% in 1969 to the present 49% rate. For investors, this had the effect of cutting, say, a 25% gain on a high-risk investment to an effective return of about 12%. Congress will roll the capital-gains rate back to about 35% this year, but the damage may take long to repair. Says Ray Stata, founder of Analog Devices Inc., a successful Massachusetts semiconductor firm: "The single most important factor retarding innovation is Government policy on investment. You can't avoid it."

In addition to throwing the U.S. balance of payments into even deeper deficits, the decline in research and development is bound to have a dampening effect on the domestic economy, especially since small companies based on new ideas tend to grow faster and create more jobs than older firms. A five-year study by the Commerce Department of six "mature" corporations (such as General Motors and Bethlehem Steel), five "innovative" companies (including Polaroid and IBM) and five "young high-technology" firms (among them, Marion Labs and Digital Equipment) turned up some telling figures. The mature firms, which had combined annual sales of \$36 billion, added only 25,000 workers during the five years; the innovative companies, with a \$21 billion sales total, had a net gain of 106,000 employees; the high technology outfits, with \$857 million in sales, created 35,000 new jobs.

The dividends the U.S. gets from these high-technology firms extend far beyond jobs. As economic engines of astonishing vitality, they are also churning out the export sales and tax revenues that the nation urgently needs. A recent survey of high-technology companies founded in the early 1970s showed that for every \$100 originally invested in them, each firm on the average now returns each year \$70 in

sales abroad, \$15 in federal corporate tax, \$15 in personal income tax and \$5 in state and local revenues.

Concerned about the R. and D. retreat, President Carter has ordered a Cabinet-level task force headed by Commerce Secretary Juanita Kreps to give him some recommendations for turning it around by next June. One of the task force's main goals: to find ways to reduce the discouraging effects of Government regulation on R. and D.

One idea that has already surfaced is to copy the Japanese by establishing research institutes within the various

branches of American industry that could supply information on basic research to participating companies. Thinking along that line, the Canadians, who have also been suffering from an R. and D. lag, plan to set up five innovation centers at universities, which will supply help to industry. In the U.S., such research-sharing schemes generally have been discouraged by antitrust law. But the Commerce Department is now consulting with Justice officials about devising programs that would further the cause of American R. and D. without violating the precepts of antitrust legislation. ■



Houston Police Lieut. J.B. ("Bill") Bradley with stolen drilling equipment

Midnight Oil

Boom in hot gear

At 3 o'clock one morning last April, the five-man crew of an isolated oil-drilling rig near Chickasha, Okla., was suddenly surrounded by three bandits wearing ski masks and brandishing shotguns. Without uttering a word, the gunmen removed twelve tungsten carbide drill bits worth about \$27,000 from the rig's storage shed and then fled with their booty in the crew's pickup truck.

Thievery in various forms has become all too frequent over the past three years in the production fields and exploration areas of the South and Southwest that are the heart of what petroleum people call the U.S. Oil Patch. Spurred by the rise in oil prices, drilling activity has reached its highest level since the '50s, resulting in an acute shortage of pipe, drill bits and other oil-exploring and -producing equipment. Orders for derricks can take as much as 18 months to fill. Buyer impatience has spawned a burgeoning sub-industry: a booming black market for stolen oil equipment, the value of which may run as high as \$50 million a year.

Neither the size nor the complexity

of the equipment deters the thieves. Alcorn Well Service Inc. of Victoria, Texas, reports \$15,000 worth of gear stolen this year; latest loss: a \$1,200 pair of 60-lb. elevators used to pull pipe. Says Alcorn Vice President Jimmy Hendrix: "Just about dang near every weekend somebody gets hit. They come in after dark, strip your rig, and we never recover anything."

Police estimate that 70% of the thefts are inside jobs. Says Houston Police Lieut. J.B. ("Bill") Bradley: "It goes right down to the roustabout in the field." Identification procedures are so lax that some firms wind up buying or renting back their own equipment through various "midnight" dealers. When it is sold, the stolen gear usually goes for bargain prices —\$500, say, for a high-pressure valve that costs \$5,000. But some thieves with business savvy have been known to make really big money. In July, Houston's special "fence detail" arrested a middle-aged veteran salesman with a major drilling-equipment manufacturer and confiscated \$580,000 worth of stolen hardware. Police say the man apparently purloined the equipment from his employer and then, through a dummy rental outfit that he set up, leased it to a legitimate rental company. His take, according to police: about \$150,000 every three months.

Economy & Business

Trying to curb the flow of stolen gear, drillers in Oklahoma and Louisiana have set up rewards earmarked to pay informants. Throughout the South and Southwest, law-enforcement officials and oil-company security people are holding seminars on antitheft measures. Says William J. Sallans, executive vice president of a Houston-based association of 210 petroleum-equipment manufacturers and suppliers: "We've bought more cyclone fence since 1973 than at any other time in the history of the oil industry." ■

Hard Times

Now, a cement shortage

For more than a year, one of the strengths in the U.S. economy has been the building industry, which has been booming as a result of high demand for new houses, and an abundance of fine weather for construction. Alas, times are so good that they are turning bad: builders are now grappling with a severe cement shortage.

After first appearing on the West Coast, shortages have cropped up throughout the Midwest and are now bedeviling construction in the East, partly because West Coast builders have been snapping up supplies. As a result, many



Trucks standing idle at a New Jersey concrete plant because of a lack of supplies

Caught in a squeeze between unexpectedly high demand and the environmental rules.

projects are stalled, and cement prices are climbing. Some big West Coast suppliers are going as far as Japan and Korea for raw materials. California's big Kaiser Cement and Gypsum Co. plans to import 10% of the materials it needs from Japan this year.

Though unexpectedly strong demand is the main cause of the shortages, cement executives cite a number of other reasons for their woes. California suppliers say they are short of cement partly because of the lengthy West Coast dry spell: instead of having to knock off during the rainy season, builders have been able to work year round. ■

Another complication: many plants that failed to pass new pollution regulations have had to close, and capital that would have been used to expand capacity has had to be spent to meet environmental standards. So anxious are construction men about this situation that the National Home Builders Association has asked the Environmental Protection Agency to allow cement makers more time to install antipollution devices and permit the reopening of some plants that have been shut down. But even if the EPA were to agree, some builders may be unable to get the cement they need before the first freeze. ■

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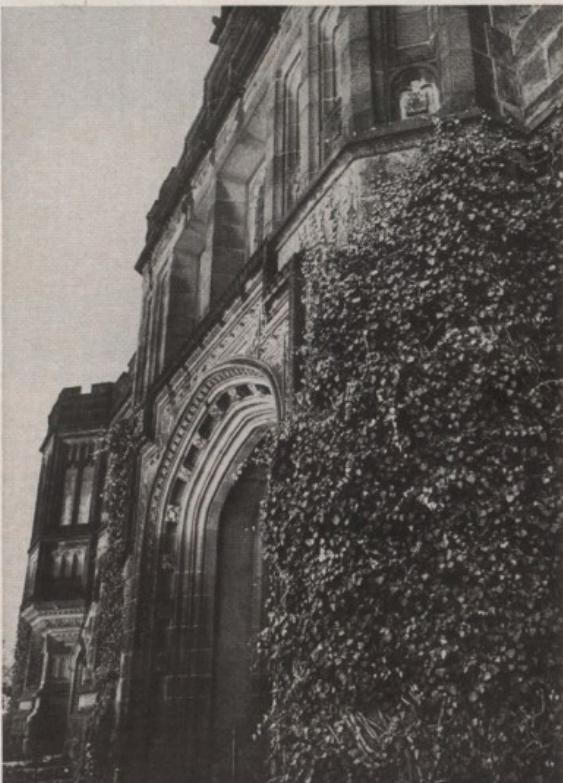
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Cinema



Niven and Lansbury tango into adventure

Camping in Style

DEATH ON THE NILE

Directed by John Guillermin
Screenplay by Anthony Shaffer

Death on the Nile is really very pleasant entertainment—professionally crafted by writer and director, wittily acted, most handsome in its photography, its period sets and costumes. These are all qualities not to be sneezed at in a time when both entertainment and professionalism in aid of amusement, that not very grand but very basic commodity, are in short supply at the movies. Perhaps it is because the picture comes so close to being something more than entertainment, comes close not to art but to something almost as rare—the genuinely delightful—that one comes away from it uneasily, vaguely disappointed.

The story, of course, is Agatha Christie's: a closed-room, or rather a closed-ship murder mystery. The most significant victim is Linnet Ridgeway (Lois Chiles), an heiress taking a Nile cruise for her honeymoon. As it develops, just about everyone in first class has both motive and opportunity to do her in. Naturally, one does not imagine that Dame Agatha's immortal detective, Hercule Poirot (Peter Ustinov), pulled any triggers, and one can only spare the odd suspicious thought for Colonel Rice (David Niven), who assists him in his investigation. But that leaves plenty of others: Bette Davis as a dowager with a taste for pearls of the sort the late-lamented sported; Maggie Smith as her nurse-companion;



Peter Ustinov as Detective Hercule Poirot ratiocinating under the gaze of the Sphinx

Mia Farrow as the jilted lover of Linnet's new husband; George Kennedy as her American lawyer, trying to hide his raids on her assets; Jack Warden as a doctor who feels Linnet has been slandering him; and Angela Lansbury, who is about to lose a libel suit Linnet has brought against her. There are also a mistreated maid and a handsome young Communist who have their class differences to settle with her.

They are, manifestly, a diverse, and therefore amiable set of cruise companions, and unless one has read the book, it is impossible to break the case before Poirot does. The trouble with the thing is that though Shaffer (the author of *Sleuth*) can outline a highly stylized murder-mystery character, he seems to lack the energy to fill in the kind of details that can, in masterly hands, utterly charm and disarm. There are possibilities, for example, in the bickering of Davis and Smith, but they peter out. There are promising hints of giddiness in Farrow's love-born posturings, but they too get lost in the toils of the plotting, and nothing much comes of doctor, lawyer or Communist. Even Poirot's fastidiousness and egocentricity are not used to full comic effect, Shaffer electing to go for the easy, running gags that involve the traditional difficulties of the British with the French language and everyone's insistence on confusing Poirot's accent with his nationality—he's Belgian, as he has to keep reminding them all.

Indeed, only Lansbury, taking matters into her own hands, staggering, grimacing, screeching, gets her full share of laughs. But given the rather muted surroundings, perhaps Guillermin would

have been wise to sit on her if he couldn't find a way to bring the rest of the cast up to her dotty level.

Still, the basic mystery is mysterious enough, the antique manners of this genre have an inherent campiness that's fun, and there is a briskness of pace and enough mild wit to hold one's attention. By the end one is rather surprised at how high the pile of corpses is, which means that sufficient style was present to serve its traditional function in the puzzle mystery—distract us from the gore that of necessity lies at the center of this form. Which is a way of saying that they must have been doing something right here. Too bad they couldn't have gone just a little bit further—from the entertaining to the entrancing.

—Richard Schickel

Somebodies

BLOODBROTHERS
Directed by Robert Mulligan
Screenplay by Walter Newman

In the heyday of Joan Crawford and Barbara Stanwyck, Hollywood beguiled audiences with sentimental tales of working-class women who dreamed of escape to a better life. These days the genre lives on, but in a much revised form. Instead of women, the protagonists of these films are now men, young Italian studs who break out of ethnic urban ghettos to become Somebodies. It's a formula that has already produced a pair of smash movies, *Rocky* and *Saturday Night Fever*, as well as new stars to go with them. *Bloodbrothers* is the latest entry in this

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Cinema

sweepstakes, and it too has a fresh young actor, Richard Gere, in the lead. If lightning fails to strike a third time, it is not that the formula is tired; it's that *Bloodbrothers* is a mess.

Gere plays Stony De Coco, a 19-year-old who still lives with his suffocating parents in the antiseptic, concrete high-rises of The Bronx. Should Stony continue the family tradition and become a construction worker? Or should he follow his desires and become a white-collar counselor to infirm children? A simple dilemma, but *Bloodbrothers* takes forever to resolve it. There is so much clutter in this movie that it is often difficult to find Stony amidst the underbrush.

Screenwriter Walter Newman, adapting Richard Price's tough novel, has no use for dramatic efficiency or synthesis. Besides Stony's story, he tells in lavish detail the histrionic tales of the hero's psychotic mother (Lelia Goldoni), his anorectic kid brother (Michael Herschwe), his sexually troubled dad (Tony Lo Bianco) and his defeated uncle (Paul Sorvino). Newman, like Price, wants to make a larger sociological point about the breakdown of oldtime immigrant values in chaotic modern America, but he overstates the case. *Bloodbrothers* has so much narrative, most of it melodramatic, that every scene becomes a climax, every



Richard Gere in *Bloodbrothers*
Waiting for lightning to strike.

speech a tragic monologue. Each psychological motive is spelled out; no events are left to the audience's imagination. As a result we remain outside the characters and eventually start to question their authenticity. The film's ending—true to formula but false to Price's novel—destroys whatever credibility remains.

Robert Mulligan (*Summer of '42*) can

be a first-rate film maker, but his work here suffers from a bad miscalculation. Trying for what appears to be an expressionistic style, he has directed the movie at a screeching pitch. He matches the script's verbal and physical violence blow for blow with slam-bang editing and pounding musical score; he never gives the audience a chance to catch its breath. What is intended to be operatic comes out overblown and, at times, overacted. Goldoni's Mom is so crazed she seems to have stepped out of *The Exorcist*.

For all the movie's convulsions, some fine acting does peak through. Sorvino has a rending moment when he begs Stony's forgiveness for horrors committed by his mad brother. While too young to pass for Gere's father, Lo Bianco creates a frightening portrait of a once settled man who has lost his bearings. Marilu Henner, in the Talia Shire/Karen Lynn Gorney role, is refreshingly direct as the only self-aware person on-screen.

As for Richard Gere, the jury is still out. Here, more than in *Days of Heaven*, he is a powerful sexual presence. His scenes with the film's child actors are convincingly tender. But bad habits plague him: he affects too many Brando pauses. De Niro stutters and Travolta grimaces. He may yet become a Somebody in movies, but not until he stops acting like everybody else.

—Frank Rich

The frost won't bite!

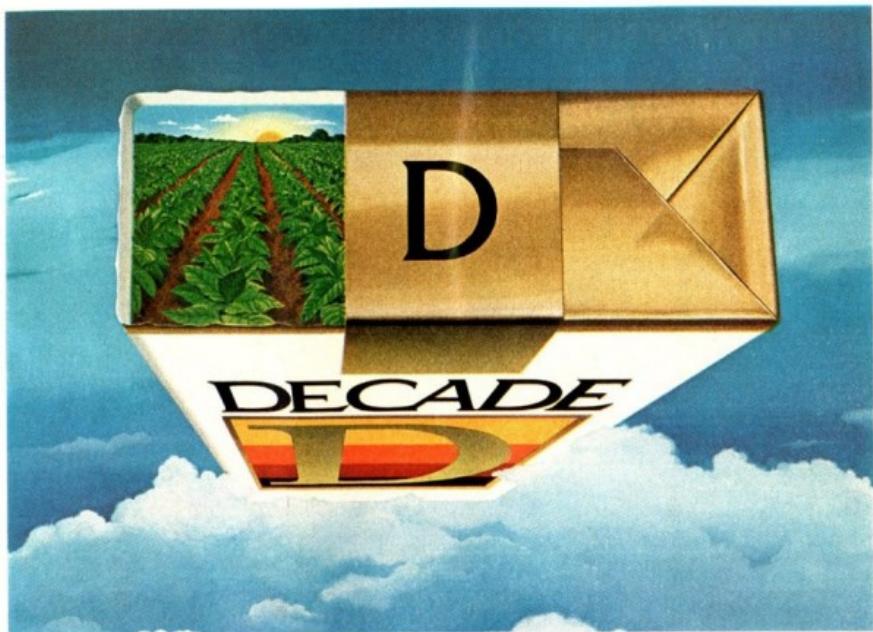
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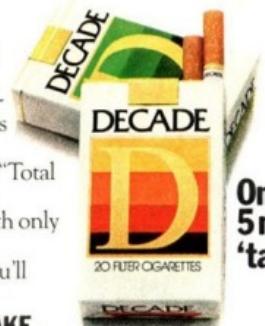
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Maurice Hines, Gregory Hines and Lonnie McNeil strut their stuff in *Eubie!*

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EUBIE!

Music by Eubie Blake

The opening-night curtain call at *Eubie!* would certainly have astonished the patrons of Miss Aggie's bawdyhouse in Baltimore, where James Hubert Blake played ragtime piano at the turn of the century. Thin as a blade, remarkably spry and mentally trigger-quick, Eubie confounds his 95 years. At Broadway's Ambassador Theater he mounted the stage, accepted a single rose in tribute, engaged in amiable banter and joined cast and audience alike as they roared out their affection by paraphrasing his biggest hit: "I'm just wild about Eubie."

Had the score been published when it was originally composed, people might first have gone wild about Eubie in 1899 when he wrote *Charleston Rag*. In that selfsame year Scott Joplin turned out *Maple Leaf Rag*. Eubie had an unlikely background for a composer. The son of ex-slaves, he had dropped out of school at 15. He was the only one of eleven children to live to maturity. Ragtime was regarded as indecent music; his mother never permitted him to play it in the house. Initially, Eubie toured the vaudeville circuit with Singer Noble Sissle. In 1921, with Sissle as lyricist, the pair scored a national breakthrough with *Shuffle Along*, the first Broadway musical ever to be produced, directed, composed and performed solely by blacks.

Through an interesting process of historical change, *Eubie!* probably owes its existence to the current vogue for all-black musicals. Ironically, where a *Shuffle Along*, a *Blackbirds of 1930* or a *Chocolate Dandies* (two other shows for which Eubie wrote the music) were intended for all-white audiences, the current produc-

tion courts black playgoers. As a measure of heightened self-esteem and possibly amused self-parody, blacks are now willing to admit that they can be superb singers and dancers—something that was regarded as a condescending racial stereotype in the '60s.

They are certainly singing and dancing with gut-lusty abandon in *Eubie!* If the twelve members of the cast were sent to Washington, they could undoubtedly resolve the energy crisis in two hours. Yet as a musical revue without a narrative line or cohesive theme, *Eubie!* ranks as a mini-clone of *Ain't Misbehavin'*. That is not too difficult to understand, since Fats Waller's musical imagination was richer than Blake's in wit, satire and sophistication. *Eubie!* is thoroughly entertaining and unerringly professional, but it bubbles more often than it blazes.

The magnetic high spots of the show are provided by the brothers Gregory and Maurice Hines, whose feet are tap-dancing marvels of percussive precision. Lonnie McNeill brings an urbane elegance and a honeyed tongue to *In Honey-suckle Time*. Sex becomes a four-letter word when musky-voiced Lynne Godfrey smolders through such numbers as *Daddy and I'm Craving for That Kind of Love*. Looking like an iridescent flapper from the '20s, Ethel Beatty makes *Memories of You* a heartbreak blues. Just about the entire cast puts sizzling bawdy English into *If You've Never Been Vamped by a Brownskin, You've Never Been Vamped at All*. Miss Aggie apparently taught Eubie more than he could ever forget.

—T.E. Kalem

Town Tizzy

THE INSPECTOR GENERAL
by Nikolai Gogol

Bureaucracy, corruption, greed, sycophancy and fear lend themselves to comedy of universal scope, and that is why Gogol's *The Inspector General*, written 143 years ago, was born deathless.

The mayor of a tiny provincial Russian town, whose name, Anton Antonovich Skwoznik-Dmukhanovsky, is almost larger than his constituency, has been tipped off that a government agent of high rank is coming, incognito, to inspect local fiscal affairs. Since the mayor (Theodore Bikel) and his appointed underlings are as crooked as counterfeit rubles, they are understandably panicky.

There is plenty to investigate. Early in the play, we learn that mental patients wander around the town's hospital on their own, reeking of vodka and filth. Charity cases are left to die. The town cop is a chronic alcoholic who terrorizes the populace. The postmaster opens all the mail and pockets the letters that amaze him. As for the mayor, he is an embezzler who never forgets a good bribe.

As these officials live by deceit, they are slaves of self-deception. Trying to identify the incognito inspector, they settle on a newcomer at the local hotel who has overdrawn his credit and is oppish, imperious and curious. Actually, Ivan Alexandrovich Khlestakov (Max Wright) is a petty clerk who has gone broke gambling. When the mayor approaches him, Khlestakov assumes that he is about to be thrown into jail. As the mutual misconceptions multiply, the fun flies like fur.

Puzzled but pleased by his appointed role, the "inspector" bilks the town fathers out of all their ready cash, almost seduces the mayor's wife and daughter and promptly blows town. Like a doomsday bell, the play ends with the imminent arrival of the real inspector general.

Gogol promised Pushkin, who gave him the idea for the plot, that his play would be "funnier than hell." It is fair to assume that Gogol meant the stress to fall equally on the first and last words. Greatly gifted though he is, Rumanian Director Liviu Ciulei has ignored the balance and projected the work as knockabout farce with an infusion of German impressionism. The result is that the characters become animated puppets and imbecile caricatures of venality. They are robbed of the quality of vulnerable humanity that lies at the heart of the play, the playwright's mitigating sympathy for people subject to the coercive pressures of social custom and national temperament that sometimes erode individual integrity. The cast ably executes what Ciulei obviously wants, but did Gogol want it? —T.E.K.

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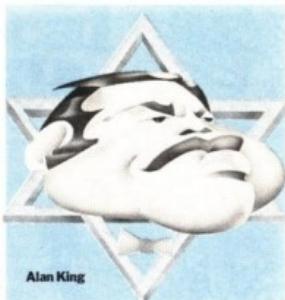
Behavior

Analyzing Jewish Comics

It's just that it hurts less when you laugh

Although Jews constitute only 3% of the U.S. population, 80% of the nation's professional comedians are Jewish. Why such domination of American humor? New York City Psychologist Samuel Janus, who once did a yearlong stint as a stand-up comic, thinks that he has the answer: Jewish humor is born of depression and alienation from the general culture. For Jewish comedians, he told the recent annual meeting of the American Psychological Association, "comedy is a defense mechanism to ward off the aggression and hostility of others."

Janus has spent ten years and \$20,000 of his own money traveling around the country to interview top comedians and give them psychological tests. So far, he has tested 76 Jewish humorists, including



Alan King

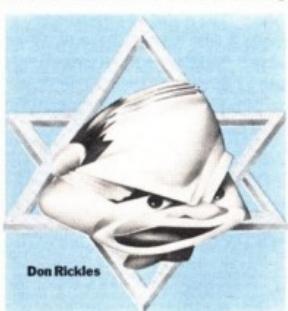
about their work for non-Jewish causes or what they did for the Cardinal. The one thing they live for is acceptance. They are always working for it, always worrying and insecure—like Rodney Dangerfield, they "don't get no respect." There is never enough respect."

Janus discovered a generation gap among the comedians. Most who reached prominence before the 1950s grew up in large, Yiddish-speaking immigrant families in Brooklyn or on Manhattan's Lower East Side. About 80% came from kosher homes and 90% later anglicized their names. Younger comedians are better educated, have less contact with Jewish ritual and are more likely to break away from traditional Jewish humor to deliver social or political messages in their acts. Says Janus: "The older ones changed their names and relieved their tensions with booze. The younger ones lie about their age and dabble with pills and coke."

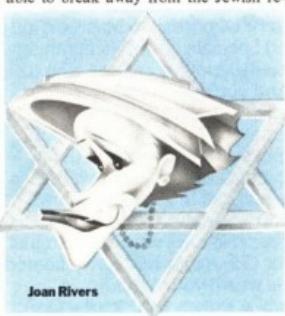
The angriest and most frustrated Jewish comedians, according to Janus, are the "Catskill comics" who have never been able to break away from the Jewish re-

Milton Berle, George Burns, David Brenner, Sid Caesar, David Steinberg and Mort Sahl. Most, he says, were ambivalent about their Jewishness and compulsively turned to humor to ward off their private demons. As Joan Rivers told Janus: "If I were marching to the ovens, I'd be telling jokes all the way." What makes them funny, says Janus, "is their pain."

Many of the comedians had been in psychotherapy and almost all had major traumas in early childhood. The late Totie Fields' mother died when Totie was five; Art Buchwald's mother died shortly after his birth. David Steinberg's older brother died young, says Janus, "and the family never stopped mourning." In general, the psychologist believes, these comedians had overprotective, constricting mothers and a drive to break out of the Jewish world and gain general acceptance. Says he: "Only a few will talk about their Jewishness with any sense of pride; Alan King, Jack Carter and Don Rickles are rare exceptions. But most of them talk



Don Rickles



Joan Rivers

sort circuit and play to outside audiences. Says the psychologist: "There are 30 to 40 of them you've never heard of, all making over \$100,000 a year. They all say, 'Don't mention me as a Catskill comic.'"

Jewish comedians, he argues, are "overwhelmingly anxious" people who turn most of their humor on themselves. Though self-deprecation is traditional in Jewish humor, says Janus, it has a special function in America: it serves as "ritual exorcism" for conflicts shared with Jewish audiences, and it assures Gentile audiences that Jewish humor is not threatening.

Abe Burrows once told Janus that the comedian must practice his comedy in order to avoid destroying himself; and the psychologist agrees that the comics are successfully using humor as a form of self-therapy. All told, Janus says, the comedians are bright, sensitive and relatively stable. But, he adds, "they are not happy guys."

Tactful Approach

A new look at sociobiology

Edward O. Wilson is probably the most controversial entomologist of all time. Three years ago, the Harvard professor published a mammoth academic tome, *Sociobiology: The New Synthesis*, arguing that social behavior has a biological base. The first 26 chapters on organisms and lower animals attracted little attention, but the final, almost offhand chapter on humans touched off the furor. Wilson speculated that the sexual division of labor is genetically based, genes may exist for homosexuality and spite, and a "loose correlation" is likely between genetically determined traits and worldly success. For his pains, Wilson was heckled, picketed and denounced as a sexist and racist.

Though some of Wilson's critics wildly distorted what he said, the professor was indeed ham-handed in applying the new sociobiological principles to humans. Now he has attempted to repair the damage with a new book, *On Human Nature*. While Wilson is more diplomatic in discussing the implications of sociobiology, he is adamant about his major point: all studies of mankind must start with biology, which shapes and limits human nature.

Still, Wilson's new discussion should mollify critics. On the subject of race, he says "evidence is strong that almost all differences between human societies are based on learning and social conditioning rather than heredity." Yet he sees some dissimilarities. For instance, he points to studies of newborns showing that Chinese American infants are far more placid than



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Behavior



Sociobiologist Wilson at Harvard

Disobeying the censors and motivators.

Caucasian American infants, presumably because of genetic differences.

Wilson finds a divergence in male and female behavior that he believes is dictated by genes. "In general," he says, "girls are predisposed to be more intimately sociable and less physically venturesome." But he calls this "a modest genetic difference" that could be overcome by careful training. While reaffirming his belief that homosexuality is also biologically based, Wilson sees "a strong possibility" that it evolved as an important element in early human society. His reasoning: by not breeding themselves, homosexuals allow more resources to be devoted to relatives, thus improving their chances of surviving and reproducing.

Some of Wilson's other views:

- Humans seem to have a genetic predisposition toward learning some form of communal aggression. The way to control it is to "create a confusion of cross-binding loyalties" to various groups.
- The incest taboo, the persistence of the nuclear family and the failure of slavery are all due to biological predispositions.
- Religion appears to confer a biological advantage on believers by promoting the welfare of the group. Biology limits the ways in which religion can evolve, and those different pathways "may not even be numerous."

To Wilson, mankind's greatest problem is that it is caught in the 20th century with a nature largely shaped by evolution to deal with ice-age problems. That nature, he says, "is a hodgepodge of special genetic adaptations to an environment largely vanished." How can humans cope? By discovering the programming built into the human brain and deciding which "censors and motivators" can and should be disobeyed. Only sociobiology, he concludes, can provide the "precise steering" to guide the human race. ■

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Advertisement in a courses and curriculum guide at the University of California—Riverside

BLOW YOUR MIND! READ A BOOK, trumpets the advertisement. TAKE A CLASS YOU CAN GET YOUR TEETH INTO, heralds a notice listing courses in art history. WANT TO LEARN RUSSIAN BUT THINK IT'S TOO HARD? wheelies a bold message: TRY RUSSIAN 10.

A college literary prank? Come-ons by some undergraduate entrepreneur? Not at all. These ads, sponsored by English, art, history and language departments, appear in a courses and curriculum guide that circulates on the University of California's Riverside campus. They signal a serious trend. College teaching is a beleaguered profession these days. In many colleges, enrollment is down drastically. Universities are in financial trouble. Any department's funding is determined by the number of students taking its courses, and unpopular departments are threatened with reduced budgets, dismissal of untenured professors, a cut in office space. Professors, courses and even whole departments are fighting for their existence. At Riverside, where enrollment is down from 6,250 students in 1971 to 4,800, more than 40 teaching positions have been eliminated, most of them in the humanities. The anthropology department, which can support only eight teachers, may lose its Ph.D. program if one more department member has to be laid off. Faced with such conditions plus increasing student demands for more career-oriented courses, universities are turning to hard-sell tactics. What Harvard Sociol-

ogist David Riesman has described as "the war of all, against all, for student body count" has flared on campuses all over the country.

Most professors still confine themselves to traditional, innocuous strategies—hosting early-fall beer parties, allowing students to shop around for courses before committing themselves. But many choose a more direct pitch. Taking a cue from TV executives, the University of Montana's history department made a three-credit hit out of "Roots: American Genealogy and Immigration"—a success they hope to duplicate with another made-for-college spin-off, a three-credit course covering Nazi Germany. "We capitalized blatantly on Roots," confesses Montana History Chairman Dr. Harry Fritz. "Now we are trying to capitalize on the Holocaust TV show."

Names matter, as advertisers have long known, and professors are getting the message that a renovated course title can mean more students. Columbia History Professor Stephen Koss once taught "English History: 1760 to the Present." Now he presides over "The Political Cul-

It is true that you may fool all of the people some of the time; you can even fool some of the people all of the time. But people who have taken Philosophy 7 are darn hard to fool.

ture of Modern Britain," and students flock to it in small whole numbers. At Southern Oregon State College, astronomy is known as "Outer Space." The University of Montana has christened a course on Mexican history "Cow Chips and Revolution."

In the liberal arts, where students know that few jobs await them upon graduation, the loss of students to more "practical" courses is greatest, and the consequent need to find new recruits is most urgent. For a professor, aggressive salesmanship is "just the beginning of what will be a very major development in the 1980s," predicts Clark Kerr, chairman of the Carnegie Council on Policy Studies in Higher Education. "Teachers are only just beginning to realize that there is a tremendous pool of buying power among students for electives." Of course there is nothing new in students evaluating their professors. Harvard and Yale undergraduates have for years published devastatingly candid brochures designed to help freshmen choose courses. But the temptation to ingratiate themselves with students by offering "guts"—courses with a reputation for easy grades—or resorting to informal rap sessions becomes difficult to resist when the alternative is empty classrooms.

The free market works very badly in higher education," sighs Riesman. Indeed, the new selling of higher education in some ways bodes ill for education and academic integrity.

There are some advantages, though. Under the threat of extinction, professors are now giving their lectures more zeal, as well as sell, than they did in the past. Many a full professor who left his undergraduates mostly to wan and preoccupied teaching assistants is back in the classroom going all out. If the crunch on colleges could at last result in something like "teach or perish," instead of publish or perish, the uses of economic adversity might prove sweet indeed for American education.

Lincoln as a come-on for philosophy



Press

The Return of Life

Time Inc. launches a monthly revival of its 1936 hit

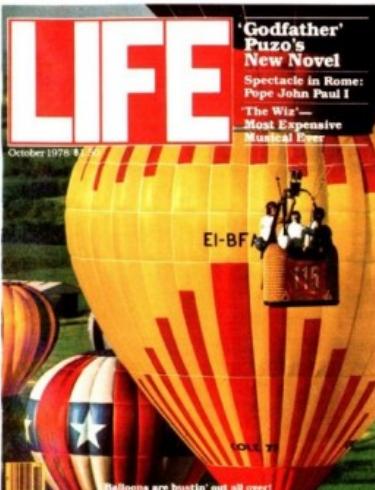
Henry Luce called it "picture magic." That remarkable ability of a good photograph to capture an event or distill an emotion, to amaze, inspire, instruct and even repulse. Luce started LIFE in 1936 to harness that ephemeral power, and the weekly picture magazine became in its heyday publishing's most successful venture. But eventually television, postal costs and the magazine's own swollen circulation caused its demise, in 1972. This week Time Inc. is introducing a born-again LIFE with a larger version of the familiar red and white logo, a fractionally smaller version of the spacious LIFE-size format, but the same preoccupation with the magic of pictures.

In a sense, of course, LIFE never died. Since 1972, Time Inc. has published ten LIFE Special Reports on such themes as "The Spirit of Israel," "Remarkable American Women" and "The Year in Pictures." With a minimum of promotion, those issues sold between \$50,000 and 1 million copies at cover prices of up to \$2, a feat that has kept hopes of a revival flickering among LIFE's many mourners.

Those hopes rose last December when Time Inc. Magazine Development Editor Philip Kunhardt Jr. marked the fifth anniversary of LIFE's last regular issue with a five-page memo to Time Inc. Editor in Chief Hedley Donovan, recommending the magazine's rebirth as a monthly. Kunhardt, a former LIFE assistant managing editor, cited the rising prosperity of the magazine industry, a new surge of public interest in photography, the success of the single-issue LIFE editions, and his concern that the public might start to forget LIFE if it did not return soon. In addition, Time Inc.'s new weekly magazine, PEOPLE, which uses a picture-story format reminiscent of the old LIFE, was virtually an instant success. Given the go-ahead, Kunhardt's group spent the next three months turning out two dummy issues, and LIFE's start-up was authorized last spring. The firm intends to spend from \$10 million to \$20 million on the magazine in the two years or so before it breaks into the black. Kunhardt was made LIFE's new managing editor.

Why should a new monthly LIFE succeed less than half a dozen years after the old weekly stumbled? For one thing, network television—which did much to kill general-interest mass-circulation maga-

zines such as LIFE, Look and the Saturday Evening Post—has become far more expensive. A 30-second spot on Charlie's Angels costs \$95,000, and a minute of next January's Super Bowl is going for \$370,000. Even at those prices, desirable prime-time shows are solidly booked, with no more commercial time left for new sponsors. As a result, more and more advertisers are shifting larger portions of their budgets to magazines.



On the cover of Vol. 1, No. 1, balloonists loom larger than ...
Jackie, Brooke, John Paul I and a cast of thousands.

Another change is the new LIFE's more realistic approach to newsstand and subscription prices and sales. Explains LIFE Publisher Charles Whittingham: "The single most important lesson we learned is that readers have to pay for the magazine. They used to get a free ride." Indeed, when LIFE suspended publication, some subscribers were paying as little as 14¢ a copy, a sum well below the cost of paper and ink. The new LIFE is priced at \$1.50 a copy, whether purchased at a newsstand or through the mail, and Whittingham expects that circulation revenue alone will now "do a pretty good job" of covering the magazine's operating expenses. Furthermore, the burden of soaring second-class postal rates will be lightened by greater em-

phasis on newsstand sales. At the weekly LIFE's termination, some 96% of its circulation went to mail subscribers and only 4% to newsstands. LIFE now intends to sell only about 30% of its copies through the mail and about 70% on newsstands.

Another change from the old LIFE is in circulation strategy. The weekly LIFE in its last years was losing millions of dollars annually with a circulation that at one point exceeded 8 million. The new LIFE will start this month with a circulation base of only 700,000 and the intention of limiting growth to around 2 million. Says Whittingham: "We're aiming at people who really appreciate looking at fine photos."

That philosophy seems to sit well with advertisers. The first issue contains 56 advertising pages worth \$848,568, a record amount for any magazine's debut. LIFE's 10½-in. by 13½-in. page size inspired a few agencies to craft ads that are so visually stunning they could pass for the magazine's photo layouts. Indeed, the picture magazine may be making a general comeback. French Publisher Daniel Filippi is assembling a sizeable staff to revive Look magazine as a weekly early next year; the German magazine firm Gruner & Jahr will launch a U.S. version of its expensively produced Geo at that time; the publishers of the classy Réalités are planning another assault on the market in January.

Except for a 7,500-word excerpt from Mario Puzo's new novel, *Fools Die*, the new 140-page LIFE is pictures, pictures, pictures, most of them in color: of family reunions, the rugged beauty of Antarctica, Frisbee-fetching dogs, the filming of *The Wiz*, Jackie Onassis in the Manhattan publishing-house office she once occupied, the Shah of Iran in his fortified Caspian Sea retreat, Brooke Shields in a skimpy leotard, Henry Fonda in a Boy Scout uniform, Pope John Paul I in the Vatican, and hot-air balloons over Iowa. Conspicuously absent are the kind of late-breaking news photos that once filled the opening pages of LIFE. The new monthly will go to press two weeks before it is distributed.

In their introduction to the first issue, the editors say: "Our pictures and our stories will have to convey the continuing sense that this new LIFE, like the old one, is deeply involved with the world it covers; that its capacity for wonder, conviction and caring is as big as ever ... This is a different magazine, but there is still just one answer for us: 'picture magic' again." ■

Art

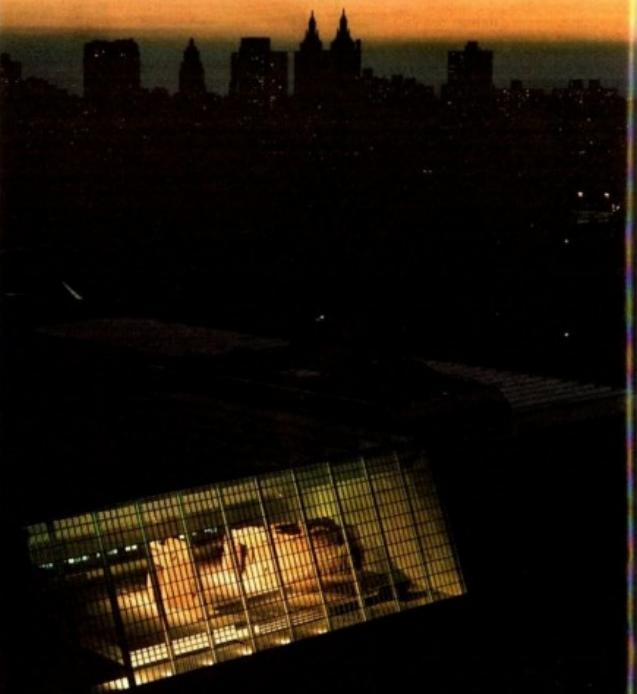
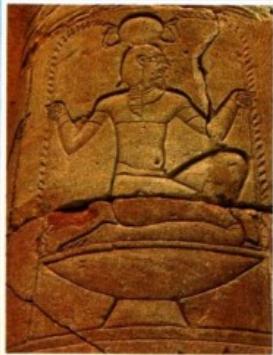
Ancient Glory in Manhattan

A new site for Dendur's temple

It had been eight years since Cleopatra put an asp to her bosom. Mark Antony had fallen upon his sword, and Rome's victorious Octavian had taken over Egypt. But the Nubian villagers of Dendur, 400 miles up the Nile from Alexandria, had nothing against the Romans. In fact, on the orders of the new Emperor, now called Augustus, visiting Egyptian artisans were building a temple dedicated to two young Nubian princes, Pedesi and Phor. Both had drowned in the Nile, and victims so chosen by the god of the Nile were automatically apotheosized, as a Greek might be by a lightning bolt from Zeus. From the Roman point of view, the temple was a simple gesture of appeasement and a bid for the allegiance of the local Nubians in the continuing border war with the energetic Kushite kingdom to the south.

Last week, almost exactly two thousand years later, the temple so built stood beneath a gleaming, towering, glassy pavilion newly erected at the north end of Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art overlooking Central Park. Dendur's ancient stones glow softly orange as it stands on a wide granite platform skirted by a moat of lapping water, designed to evoke its old site on the west bank of the Nile. Even the rocky escarpment against which it stood has been simulated. The huge skylight and glass north wall set off its looming 26-ft.-high gateway and the squat bulk of the temple itself. Spotlights etch sharp shadows in the sunken reliefs on its walls, where in panel after panel Emperor Augustus, dressed as a pharaoh, respectfully offers incense, eye paint, wine, crowns or flowers to the two brothers, to the ram-headed Khnum, to the great goddess Isis and her son, the falcon-headed Horus. Two carved lions guard an entrance, and the god Heh kneels to support the heavens as represented on the ceiling. There stylized vultures soar across a sky once painted bright blue and studded with gold stars. The doorway itself is flanked by two goddesses represented as crowned cobras twining around the heraldic plants of Egypt.

The third and innermost chamber, the sanctuary where only priests and an occasional petitioner entered, is bare except for a stele representing the two brothers with Osiris and Isis. A concealed chamber behind it may have contained the embalmed bodies of the brothers or, as some suggest, may have been used by a hidden



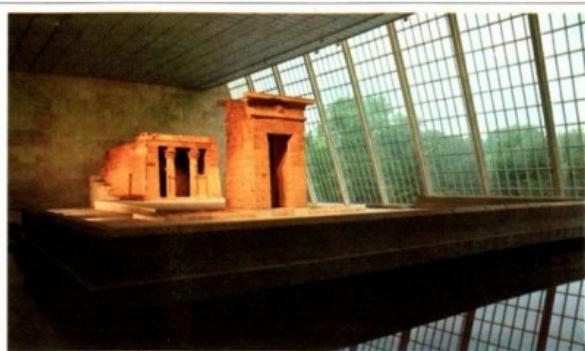
Egypt's temple glows in Gotham's night sky
Inset: relief of the god Heh on a pillar

priest to make oracular pronouncements to impress the faithful. But few of them would ever have heard him. For unlike a Christian church, the Egyptian temple was not designed for worshipers to gather to pray. Rather, it was a house built for the god himself, for his comfort and protection from prying eyes when he manifested himself. As a great king, the god did not like the company of common men. Their offerings were accepted on his behalf by the priests, a practice not always appreciated by the villagers. As early as 10 B.C., one Pakhom angrily scrawled an oath on the temple's north wall denouncing the priests' exorbitant demands for tribute.

The temple, now standing in all its ancient dignity just off Fifth Avenue and lighted to be visible at night from Central Park, narrowly escaped drowning itself, the fate suffered by its two deified princes. The threat began as early as 1891-1902, when Egypt erected a stone dam at the Nile's first cataract, bringing the water to the temple's doorsill. The dam was raised further in 1928-34, putting Dendur under water every year for nine months during the Nile's flooding time. The death sentence came in 1953, when Egypt decided to build a high dam at Aswan. An Egyptian team carefully dismantled the temple, and the numbered blocks were stored on an island in the Nile. In 1965 the Egyptian government offered the temple to the U.S. in gratitude for the U.S.'s \$16 million contribution to UNESCO's efforts to save the Nubian monuments that would have been inundated for 300 miles along the Nile when Lake Nasser filled up behind the dam. By offering to build a special enclosure for the temple, the Metropolitan snatched the prize from the Smithsonian Institution, which wanted to put it outdoors on the banks of the Potomac.

In 1968, 640 tons of stones arrived in Manhattan aboard a freighter and were stacked under an air-bubble tent on the museum's parking lot. There they stayed for seven years, awaiting construction of their spectacular new glass house. In 1974 the parts were moved to the present site and painstakingly reassembled; cracked stones were reinforced with steel rods, steel beams inserted in the lintels to make them secure. Additions made in A.D. 577, when the temple was converted to a Coptic church, were removed, and repairs were done to erase the depredations wrought during the centuries it stood empty after Egypt converted to Islam.

Slowly around Dendur arose its huge glass pavilion, designed by Architects Kevin Roche, John Dinkeloo and Associates. The space, in fact, is almost too vast, seeming to diminish the temple itself, which is small as Egyptian temples go. (A rapturous 19th century visitor to Egypt called it "an exquisite toy, so covered with sculptures, so smooth, so new-looking, so admirably built.") The glass structure is officially called the Sackler Wing, in honor of three brothers Sackler,



Gateway and temple loom behind the glass wall reflected in the moat simulating the Nile

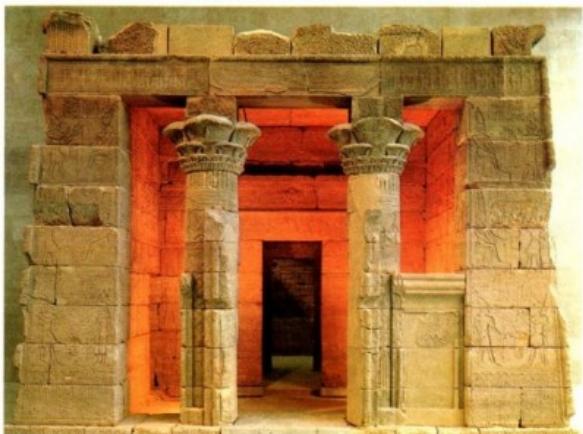
distinguished psychiatrists and medical publishers, who gave a handsome \$3.5 million toward its total \$9.5 million cost. Opening this week, the wing also houses a long balcony gallery where the fabulous Tutankhamun exhibit will be installed in December.

Whether it is a fascination with mysterious Egypt, or all that gold, or young King Tut himself (who with his curse has been a staple of Sunday supplements ever since his tomb was discovered in 1922), the tour of his treasures has drawn a thundering herd of visitors in five cities since it arrived in Washington in late 1976. Certainly the crowds are not all art lovers; a few among the show's 55 objects are of high artistic quality, but the vast majority might be called magnificent artifacts.

The Metropolitan arranged to ease the expected crush by making tickets

available in advance at the museum and at Ticketron outlets. People started lining up in the rain as early as Saturday night, and on Monday, when the Met's ticket office opened, the line stretched from the museum's door for 13 blocks. At some Ticketron offices applicants waited for as long as eleven hours, and by week's end all 900,000 available tickets (stamped with a specific date and half hour) had been distributed. An additional 400,000 people will see the show as part of school or other special groups.

The Tut visitors at the Met will get a bonus. By peering over the balcony's edge, they can have a look at the Temple of Dendur. Although Tut himself would not have been surprised by the "exquisite toy"—the temples he knew were of the same design—it was scarcely contemporary with him, for Dendur was built 1,300 years after he was entombed. ■



Two stone pillars topped by carved papyrus plants guard the entrance to the inner temple
A 2,000-year-old monument to commemorate two Nubian princes drowned in the Nile.

Defy mediocrity.



Art

New Light on a Dark Kingdom

A glittering trove of Nubian objects in Brooklyn

The slow flooding of the Nile Valley southward from Aswan's High Dam drowned many Egyptian-built temples and, in effect, the whole of ancient Lower Nubia. But instead of a total loss, the result has been something of a windfall. For the threat inspired 30 expeditions from 25 countries to excavate frantically ahead of the advancing waters, turning up a largesse of Nubian finds that gave added weight to a long held thesis: that Nubia, which extended 1,000 miles south of Aswan in what is now Egypt and the Sudan, had a rich culture as early as 3500 B.C., with a tradition and style of its own. Furthermore, there was a unified kingdom in Nubia as early as 750 B.C., making it the world's oldest black nation.

This week the Brooklyn Museum will proudly open what it can boast is the most comprehensive exhibition ever of Nubia's ancient civilization, spanning 47 centuries and comprising 250 objects borrowed from some 25 institutions, including some cajoled from museums in East Germany and Poland by Bernard V. Bothmer, curator of the museum's superb Egyptian collection and organizer of the exhibition.

Generally, whenever Egypt was expansive, Nubia was overwhelmed; when Egyptian power declined, Nubia rebounded. This it did in about 2000 B.C., when a new culture rose around the town of Kerma. In Brooklyn its manifestations are a score of objects found in the tombs of Kerma's warrior kings—circular mounds that were as much as 90 meters in diameter, complete with inner rooms containing everything that might be need-

ed in the afterlife. (Domestic animals and the bodies of hundreds of servants were found in some of the tombs.) Just how sophisticated Kerma was is demonstrated in Brooklyn by its pottery, more luminous in color, more intricately incised and more delicately turned than any other then produced in the Nile Valley, and by a series of vivacious ivory images of mythical gods that were found inlaid on the ceremonial



Winged goddess. Below: official, with swimmer-shaped spoon (c. 700 B.C.), hippo head (3000 B.C.), monster (c. 1650 B.C.)

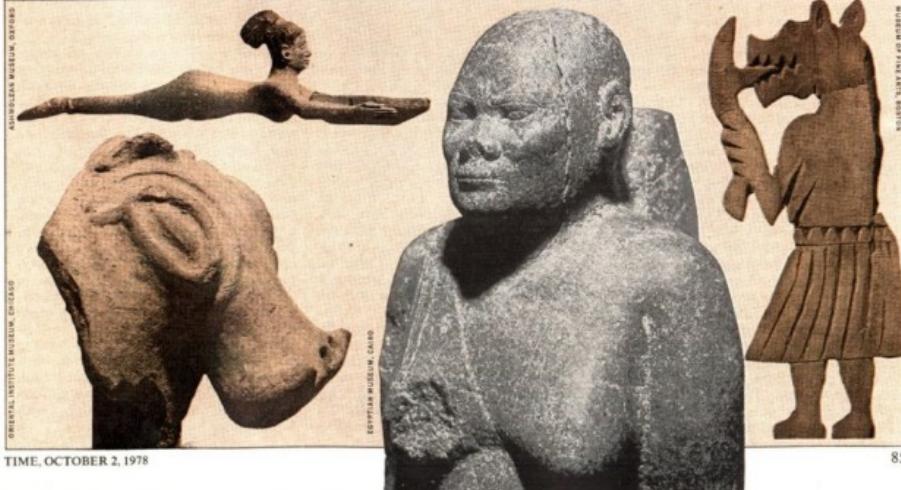
funeral beds. But Egypt returned in force in 1550 B.C. and Nubian power vanished, not to return for 700 years.

Then came the kingdom of Kush, which lasted 1,200 years. Storming out of Nubia's heartland, its kings conquered Egypt, reigning there for nearly 100 years until the Assyrians ejected them. Under the Kushites, Nubian art and culture reached a peak of skill and individuality. Though obviously influenced by Egypt, they were no more so, say their champions, than the Roman by the Greek.

The Nubians adopted the Egyptian pyramid, but gave it steeper sides, and built so many that there are actually more surviving pyramids in Nubia than in Egypt. A 19th century Italian named Giuseppe Ferlini knocked the top off the pyramid tomb of Queen Amanishaketo (10 B.C.-A.D. 1) and found a rich treasure trove of gold objects (so encouraged, he knocked the tops off every other convenient pyramid but found no other treasure). Brooklyn has a display of intricately designed rings and armlets from Ferlini's find. As a series of faience pendants shows, Nubia's goddesses were almost proudly naked, sprouting down-turned wings and sporting two crowned cobras on their shoulders.

The show, which will later travel to Seattle, New Orleans and finally The Hague, carries the history of Nubia well past its conversion to Christianity in A.D. 543. A fresco from the cathedral at Faras depicts Christ as the protector of a Nubian viceroy. The 12th century Nubian artist has meticulously painted the viceroy's face in its proper dark shade. It is in the same Nubian tradition of realism that motivated his ancestral counterpart, whose 7th century B.C. granite statue of an official has the gross, obese power of an ancient Idi Amin.

—A.T. Baker



Show Business

The Robin Williams Show

Sixty Characters in Search of a Maniac

A lanky, sandy-haired kid in baggy pants and suspenders wanders around the set. Spotting a stack of bologna sandwiches, he grabs one, tries to feed it to a nearby colesu and expresses his fond hope that the food will help the plant "grow up strong and have hairy pistols like its father." Next he picks up a small statue and, holding it like a microphone, intones, "Allo, allo, zis eez Jacques Cousteau for Union Oil." He then breaks into the *Beverly Hills Blues*: "Woke up the other day / Ran out of Perrier / I've really paid my dues! Had to sell my Gucci shoes." The Robin Williams show has begun. Except that the show takes place off-camera between takes on *Mork & Mindy* —the sleeper comedy sitcom of the young TV season.

Like Cindy Williams and Penny Marshall before him, Robin Williams, 26, did one guest spot on *Happy Days* and wound up on a spin-off series of his own. As the affable Mork from the planet Ork, Williams has limitless opportunities to display his manic talent. Unaccustomed to the ways of Earth, the alien sits on his head, drinks with his fingers and holds philosophical discussions with eggs.

Placing someone with paranormal powers among ordinary people is a classic conceit used by many television shows, including *Bewitched*, *My Favorite Martian* and *I Dream of Jeannie*. But Williams' pastiche of mime, light-speed improvisation and complex clowning is giving that one-joke vehicle a new velocity. Delivered with his engagingly boyish grin and calculated inflections, such gibberish as "nano, nano" (meaning hello) and "nimmu" (meaning jerk) can send audiences—and producers—into paroxysms of delight: last week the show shot up to seventh place in the Nielsen's. "This guy is going to be a superstar with or without this series," observes Dale McCraven, the co-creator of *Mork & Mindy*. "He's such an overwhelming personality that he could never play a regular sitcom husband with a wife and kids. It would be a waste of his talent, a waste of his craziness."

That craziness is the best part of Williams' frequent weekend gigs at such Los Angeles clubs as the Comedy Store and the Improvisation. His act has few props, no sight gags, no patented one-liners; for Williams, the delivery is everything.

Equipped with a kaleidoscopic face, a pliant body and limber vocal cords, Williams simply runs through a cast of character sketches unseen since the early days of Jonathan Winters. "Earthquake!" he will yell, jumping up and down, before he rushes out to the audience to heckle himself. Within seconds, he is back onstage, giving a beautiful basso profundo rendition of Shakespeare, followed by rapid-fire impressions of a go-go boy, Long John Silver and characters from a Japanese science-fiction movie. "It's madness all around," he explains. "But the center is very calm, like the center of a hurricane."

with a television series about an alien—"of course that was before the real aliens landed." Now he wonders if anyone in the audience remembers World War III—"all 45 minutes of it."

Most of Williams' characters are children of his imagination—an imagination nurtured during the requisite lonely childhood. The last child of a vice president of the Ford Motor Co., Robin was born in Chicago and grew up in the posh Detroit suburb of Bloomfield Hills. His two half brothers were already grown when he was born, and Robin spent hours alone in the family's immense house, tape-recording television routines of comics and sneaking up to the attic to practice his imitations. "My imagination was my friend, my companion," he recalls.

After brief stints at Claremont Men's College and the College of Marin, he and his companion decided to become performers. Although his indignant father advised him to study welding so he would at least have a marketable skill, Robin won an acting scholarship to the Juilliard School in New York, where he earned money performing mime in whiteface in front of the Metropolitan Museum. In 1976 he returned to San Francisco and met Valerie Velardi, a dancer whom he married last June.

Valerie organized and catalogued his routines, and persuaded him to try his act in Los Angeles. With no portfolio, no résumé, no connections, Robin headed for open-minded improvisational clubs. Within a year he had landed stints with the now defunct *Laugh-In* and *Richard Pryor* shows, which led to his celebrated guest shot on *Happy Days*.

Today Valerie no longer has to feed Robin information on audience response or coach him on delivery: the prestigious management firm of Rollins and Joffe, which also handles Woody Allen, Robert Klein and Martin Mull, takes care of that. Robin and Valerie live simply in a studio apartment in Los Angeles and a weekend house at Zuma Beach that they share with a parrot named Cora and two iguanas (one of which is named Truman Capote because, as Robin explains, "he's cold-blooded"). Robin's sketches, however, occasionally reflect the ironies of Celluloid City. One, called the "Hollywood Mime," for instance, has a character dancing from door to door in Hollywood, banging on each and smiling hopefully until the smile literally falls off his face and has to be pasted back on. Robin Williams should have no such tribulations: his is stuck tight with Krazy Glue.



The comic as Mork: a pastiche of improvisation and clowning

Williams follows his free-form chatter with enough wacked-out characters to people a spin-off of his spin-off. There is the French waiter at Chez Chuck, moving like a spastic Keystone Kop and offering customers such delicacies as "chicken lips with rice." Mr. Rogers, a takeoff on the dim-but-lovable kiddie show host, says: "Welcome to my neighborhood. Let's put Mr. Hamster in the microwave oven. O.K.? Pop goes the weasel!" Other bit players include Ernest Sincere, a redneck used-car dealer; Joey Stalin, a Russian stand-up comic; Little Sherman, a perverse little boy; and Walt Buzzy, a gay director. Grandpa Funk, based on an old wino Williams once saw in San Francisco, always appears at the end of the show. Clicking his gums and speaking in a raspy high-pitched voice, the old codger explains he used to be a stand-up comedian

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Living

A City Without Newspapers . . .

... is like a day without sunshine

Panic in Needle Park again. The junkies now share that defoliated triangle on Manhattan's Upper West Side with the dog walkers, but the city's notorious new scoop-the-poop law hit the books just as unions at the city's three major newspapers hit the bricks. So Needle Parkers, like animal owners elsewhere in the city, are suffering a dearth of newsprint with which to do their dirty work. Last week one Manhattan matron and keeper of 22 cats sent an urgent bulletin to her sister in Massachusetts: Load the station wagon with Boston *Globes* and come quick.

Six weeks after New York City lost the services of its major dailies, New Yorkers are noticing that the landscape, mores and habits of their city are changing in subtle ways. Without newspapers to occupy their eyes, for instance, subway riders now scrutinize one another, the messages on their T shirts, the brand names of their running shoes, the labels on their luggage. Some newspaper addicts have turned to paperbacks, and others say they are attempting "to think." Husbands and wives are forced into conversation at the breakfast table, though the court system has not yet recorded any resulting alteration in the divorce rate. Office workers are loath to lunch alone, since a solo meal without a newspaper is like a day without sunshine. Says Press Agent Arthur Rubine, who has sought companionship in the *Daily Racing Form*: "It's no fun to go to the bathroom any more."

Taxi drivers, long the salvation of sourceless journalists, are emerging as informal town criers, transmitters in a complicated nexus of jungle drums that would

confuse Margaret Mead. Bernie Stolar, vice president of a small communications firm, first heard that Menachem Begin was in town after the Camp David summit when the taxi Stolar was taking to work encountered a traffic jam near the Waldorf-Astoria and his driver explained that Begin had just arrived. Shrugs Stolar: "It was news to me."

Of course the city's television stations have expanded their trivia-packed local newscasts by adding some news and even more trivia, and the four new typographically wretched strike papers are thrashing with wire-service copy that the regular dailies would have spurned. But for New Yorkers used to the *Daily News'* outrageously witty headlines, the *Times'* impeccably orotund dispatches from Ouagadougou and Timbuktu and the *Post's* wonderfully inaccurate gossip, there is an aching void. "They're like children," says Political Consultant David Garth of the three struck dailies. "You don't know how much you love them until they leave home."

Mayor Edward Koch agrees. "New York will not be New York again till the papers are back," he believes. Meanwhile he can be seen wandering around the neighborhood of his old Greenwich Village apartment, lantern in hand, looking for an honest newspaper. "I pick up the *Washington Post*," he sighs. "I thumb through it for 15 minutes. And I say to myself, 'Why am I reading this?'"

Sundays are especially trying. That is the day when, before the strike, masochistic New Yorkers took perverse delight in setting aside eight or nine hours for plow-

ing through the 4-lb., 400-page Sunday *Times* to reassure themselves that nothing had really happened after all. "My Sundays are ruined!" cries Paula Gamache, a senior treasury analyst for Revlon, Inc. "There's no substitute for the crossword puzzle. I do it every week, I'm that compulsive." To fill the empty hours, Pronto, a trendy East Side Italian restaurant, is offering a Sunday brunch for the first time, and similar affairs at other nosheries are S.R.O. Central Park is jumping with even more joggers than usual, and museums report heavy Sunday crowds.

So far, the strike has not greatly affected the city's economy. Attendance at Broadway theaters is down slightly from last year, but department-store sales are running 5% to 10% ahead of year-ago levels. The local real estate market is so tight—apartment vacancies are running below 3% of units—that agents do not have much to advertise anyway. Some florists say that funeral business is down about 10% because, though people still die, they are not honored with newspaper obituaries. A few weddings have been postponed because the parents felt they had earned a notice in the *Times*.

The book-publishing industry, which relies on newspaper reviews to boost sales, has taken to such alternative vehicles as television and radio spots; Simon & Schuster President Richard Snyder can now be heard on radio peddling his wares in much the same way that gravel-voiced Tom Carvel sells the products of his ice cream shops. But authors of forthcoming books are woebegone. Linley Stafford, a publicist whose first book, *One Man's Family*, will be published by Random House on Oct. 13, has postponed the press party ("How can you have one without a press?" his agent asked). Says Stafford: "If you don't get a *New York Times* review, you can get lost between the cracks."

The newspapers themselves may face a similar problem because of the strike. Without a product for customers to review daily, the struck papers may fade from their readers' memories, and subsequently their advertisers'. After a 114-day newspaper strike in 1962-63, the city's six surviving dailies lost a total of 400,000 readers. No one knows what the 1978 losses will be. Or indeed when the strike will end; both sides have been summoned to Washington by federal mediators, but the publishers last week refused to attend.

At least one group of citizens is faring well: the customers of prostitutes. Under a law that took effect shortly after the pooper-scooper statute, the names of hookers' patrons are available to the press whenever the vice squad strikes. Frets Captain Eugene Brozio at Manhattan's Midtown North precinct house: "To get any impact on the Johns, you need widespread publicity, and thanks to the strike we're not getting it."



New York City Mayor Edward Koch peruses the foreign-language press
"I say to myself, 'Why am I reading this?'"

People



Not one for formalities, Castro takes it easy in Ethiopia with Colonel Mengistu

Being a peripatetic President is tiring, so Cuba's **Fidel Castro** decided to take five—on a reviewing stand in Ethiopia's Revolution Square. As Colonel **Mengistu Haile Mariam**, Ethiopia's head of state, chatted away, Castro slumped in his chair and watched a parade. Back in the days of Emperor **Haile Selassie** such behavior would not have passed muster. But as it happened, Castro was in the Ethiopian capital, Addis Ababa, to help the country's Marxist rulers celebrate the fourth anniversary of the overthrow of the late Emperor. Despite his fatigue, he managed to review the military display in the parade—and smile broadly as soldiers chanted "Viva Castro."

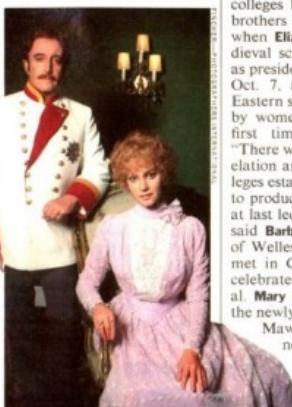
After playing the bumbling Inspector Clouseau in five *Pink Panther* pictures, Peter Sellers is reveling in his role as the dashing playboy King of Ruritania in a new film version of Anthony Hope's 1894 novel, *The Prisoner of Zenda*. "I rather enjoy being called Your Majesty all day," says Sellers. He is especially pleased

at getting the royal treatment from his real-life wife, **Lynne Frederick**, 24, who co-stars in the film as the king's betrothed, Princess Flavia. So enamored is Sellers of his new cinematic self, a role made memorable by **Ronald Colman** in 1937, that should the imaginary kingdom of Ruritania

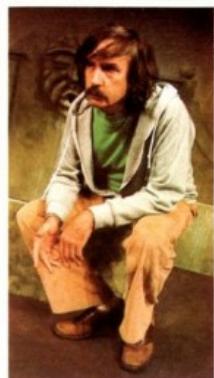
ever materialize, he would be happy to take the job of king permanently. Says Sellers: "It's tax free. Why I've already got all sorts of business people waiting to set up residence there."

Most of the "seven sisters" colleges have usually had big brothers at their helm. But when **Elizabeth Kennan**, a medieval scholar, is inaugurated as president of Mt. Holyoke on Oct. 7, all seven prestigious Eastern schools will be headed by women presidents for the first time in their history. "There was a certain feeling of elation among us that the colleges established 100 years ago to produce women leaders are at last led by women leaders," said **Barbara Newell**, president of Wellesley, when the seven met in Cambridge, Mass., to celebrate Radcliffe's centennial. **Mary Patterson McPherson**, the newly elected head of Bryn

Mawr, calls the group "a new matriarchy."



Sellers shows Wife Frederick who is king



Albee plays director

who has directed it and other plays he has written. "Nobody can get as much into the mind of the author as the playwright himself," says Albee, 50. For his latest project, he has directed a troupe of six actors who are presenting eight of his one-act plays, including *The Zoo Story* and *The American Dream*, on a 35-week tour of U.S. and Canadian universities. For parts of the tour Albee plans to be on hand. But actors, beware. The director has a ready brush-off. "When there is a question," he jokes, "I say I'll take it up with the writer."

On the Record

Charles Bates, the retired FBI agent who headed the search for Kidnaped Heiress-turned-Outlaw **Patty Hearst**, on why he has joined the campaign to free her: "Patty got a little tougher sentence than most bank robbers who have long rap sheets."

A. Bartlett Giamatti, president of Yale: "The university must be a tributary to a larger society, not a sanctuary from it."

Jerry Brown, Governor of California, likening the art of governing to paddling a canoe: "You lean a little to the left and then a little to the right in order to always move straight ahead."

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"A store where you can pick out phones—then just take them home and plug them in? GEE!"

(No, GTE!)

Now, in many General Telephone areas, there are stores called Phone Marts where you can shop for phones the way you shop for any decorative furnishing.

And many of the homes in these areas are equipped so that when you take the phones home you can simply plug them in the way you do, say, a lamp.

Shopping for phones this way makes a lot of sense, since there are phones today to go with just about any type of home decor.

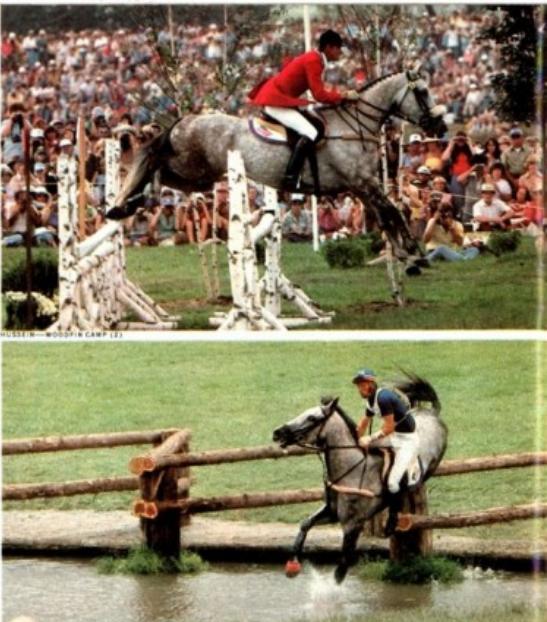
For example, our Candlestick telephone (third from left) works beautifully with Art Deco. And you'd be hard put to find anything that goes better with either French Provincial or Mediterranean than our Cradlephone line (extreme left).

But the real beauty of it all is that you can walk into any of our GTE Phone Marts, pick out the phones you want, then just take them home and plug them in yourself.

It's as simple as direct dialing.



Communications/Electronics/Lighting/Precision Materials



Davidson takes *Might Tango* over a hedge during the endurance competition, then just clears a rail fence. Top: formal jumping in the stadium

Sport

A Touch of Iron and Elegance

Davidson rides off with the world equestrian title

Four years ago he surprised the experts by leading the U.S. Equestrian Team to a world championship at Burghley, England, and winning for himself a gold medal. Now Bruce Davidson, 28, cool, aristocratic, and every lean inch a horseman, prepared under a merciless Kentucky sun to defend his title against the best riders in his dangerous and specialized sport.

The challenge was formidable. For one thing, Davidson was pitted against competitors from a dozen countries who had gone to Lexington's new \$35 million Horse Park for the quadrennial Three-Day World Championships, an equestrian event being held in the U.S. for the first time. More important, perhaps, Davidson faced one of the toughest courses ever devised for horse and rider. With roots going back to the bloody cavalry charges and elegant military tattoos of the 18th century, three-day eventing tests the full range of a mount's abilities, from deft, close-quarter maneuvers to a cross-country marathon and stadium jumping.

A rider since he was six, Davidson was as prepared as talent, diligence—and

money—could make him. He and his wife Carol, the daughter of a wealthy Pennsylvania landowner, own a 109-acre farm near Unionville, Pa. When they were married in 1974, Davidson and his bride took their horses to England on their honeymoon and entered events there.

Davidson, who calls himself a "gentleman farmer" and once described his profession as caring for the family investments, trains full time, eight hours daily. Getting ready for Lexington, his mount often was Irish Cap, a big 14-year-old bay that had carried him to success in both the 1974 Burghley competition and the 1976 Olympics, where he had been a member of the winning team. Says Davidson of the unremitting work: "If you play any sport on this level, you have to give it all you have."

Then misfortune struck. Ten days before Lexington, Irish Cap went lame. Davidson immediately switched to a powerful gray named *Might Tango*, which had been in training at his farm. *Might Tango* was only seven—young for a jumper—and relatively inexperienced. Says Davidson: "It was like taking him from

high school football to the Rose Bowl."

The event's first day was devoted to the stylized art of dressage, in which the rider, using reins and pressure from his legs, guides his horse through intricate maneuvers ("Serpentine three loops, the first and the third at canter, the second counter-canter . . ."). Davidson kept *Might Tango* under control: "I had to hold



World champions bedecked with ribbons
From high school football to the Rose Bowl.

him back and keep him from exploding." And although the young horse lacked "precision," as the experts say, he still did well enough to finish eleventh.

On the second day came the demanding event—the most important in the scoring—that the 70,000 spectators in the Horse Park had waited eagerly to see: the four-part endurance run over a course so tough that many experts there called it the most strenuous in the world. Among those watching was Britain's Prince Philip, president of the International Equestrian Federation and a fine rider himself; he was, he said, glad he did not have to compete over the course.

Before his ride, Davidson twice walked the course, studying every jump and figuring his strategy. At the starter's signal, racing against an established time that in effect was "par" for the event, Davidson pushed *Might Tango* over a rolling 6,000-meter course, tackled an eleven-obstacle steeplechase, then raced his mount 10,000 meters in the sweltering 90° heat. After a ten-minute break, Davidson rode *Tango* "cross-country" (a long, winding trail) over 7,695 meters of fences, ponds and hedges—33 hurdles and all terribly unforgiving of mistakes. As the day wore on, 26 out of 47 horses failed to complete the 17-mile event, and one died.

Davidson is admired by U.S. Team Coach Jack Le Goff for knowing "how to analyze what's going on in a horse's head. He knows how much to ask from a horse." Davidson's approach to *Tango* through the ordeal was gentle, almost fatherly: "I didn't pressure him. He was giving the most he had. I felt he wasn't sure he was going to make it, but he was going to try." At Jump 17, which led riders into a shallow lake, Davidson let *Tango* trot through the water instead of urging him to canter. That prevented his horse from stumbling on the bank, a mistake made by other riders.

Tango and Davidson finished first—but at a price. Stricken with heat exhaustion, his sides heaving and running a temperature of 108°, *Tango* was packed with ice and given oxygen. Davidson was actually afraid his horse might die. He survived, but there was not enough time for rest.

Incredibly, the program had one more day to go, an exhibition of stadium jumping over obstacles. The tired *Might Tango* lacked strength to clear all the fences; he knocked down two rails, and Davidson finished behind Ireland's John Watson. But *Tango* had done enough. When the judges tallied their scorecards, Davidson and his new mount were the winners, a showing that helped the U.S. team finish third behind Canada and West Germany.

Davidson got all the satisfaction he needed. "The medal doesn't mean anything," he said. "I'm so proud my horse performed so well. It's what I do all this for, to take him that far along." The next big jumping-off spot for Gold Medalist Davidson: the 1980 Olympics in Moscow. ■

Fermentation: The miracle that turns the juice of the grape into wine.



Although it is an oft-proclaimed truth that fine wine is a living, growing thing, nowhere is this more evident than during that critical, and still somewhat mysterious, process called fermentation.

Yeast: The Catalyst

It is possible that a quantity of fine grapes crushed and left to themselves in an open container will, in time, ferment and yield an acceptable wine.

It is probable, however, that these same grapes will yield a wine not so pleasant.

Which it will become depends in large measure on the vagaries of simple, one-celled plants called yeasts which are found naturally in the bloom on the skins of grapes.

A Louis Pasteur Discovery

Until 1864, wine-making was a matter of uncertainty. But then Louis Pasteur discovered that these yeasts were, indeed, the agents that caused fermentation.

Equally important, he discovered that specific strains with desirable characteristics could be isolated and substituted for the wild yeast in the wine-making process, a major step toward predictable excellence.

Today, our winemakers are devoted to the study of yeasts and to their improvement. Because no one yeast works equally well in every case, we are constantly striving to isolate the ideal yeast for the different varieties of wines.

This development of the specific yeast which maximizes a grape's natural flavor potential is a primary study we have pursued for years.

To achieve a wine of predictable excellence year after year, we developed the first successful dehydration of pure wine yeast. The dehydrated form maintains the consistent purity from year to year and provides us with a "cleaner" wine that is truer in flavor and fragrance to the grape.

Some Like It Cold

During fermentation, heat is created. If we permit the fermenting juice or "must" to attain a temperature of only ninety degrees, the yeast can be injured. At one-hundred degrees, most yeast will die.

Over the years, we have developed precise cooling methods for keeping the fermenting liquid at the optimum lower temperature. This varies from grape to grape. For example, the Sauvignon Blanc, French Colombard, Chenin Blanc, Riesling or Chardonnay we use for our white wines are far more delicate and sensitive to temperature than their more robust red cousins.

We determined that fermenting them at a cooler temperature slows the change from juice to wine and results in protecting the delicacy of the resultant wine.

In this cooled state, the juice can ferment as long as fourteen days rather than three or four.

The Test Fermentation

Knowing the precise moment to draw the wine is a combination of the skill and art of our winemakers.

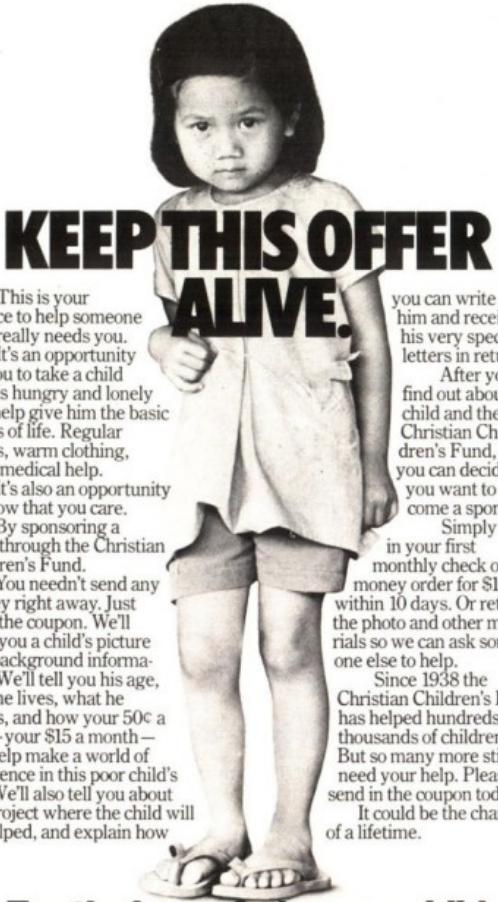
In some cases we actually take grape samples a few days before harvest and, on a small scale, proceed with fermentation. This gives us a preview of what to expect, and, we then make whatever adjustments necessary to produce the most consistently excellent wine.

Our Purpose

The precise control of fermentation is but one of the many steps which our winemakers have mastered in order to achieve our goal. Here at the winery of Ernest and Julio Gallo, our purpose is to bring you the finest wine that skill and care can produce.

Ernest and Julio Gallo, Modesto, California

Write for "The Art of Creating Fine Wines"
E & J Gallo Winery, Dept. 67, Modesto, Ca. 95353



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This is your chance to help someone who really needs you.

It's an opportunity for you to take a child who is hungry and lonely and help give him the basic needs of life. Regular meals, warm clothing, even medical help.

It's also an opportunity to show that you care.

By sponsoring a child through the Christian Children's Fund.

You needn't send any money right away. Just send the coupon. We'll send you a child's picture and background information. We'll tell you his age, how he lives, what he wears, and how your 50¢ a day — your \$15 a month — can help make a world of difference in this poor child's life. We'll also tell you about the project where the child will be helped, and explain how

you can write to him and receive his very special letters in return.

After you find out about the child and the Christian Children's Fund, then you can decide if you want to become a sponsor.

Simply send in your first monthly check or money order for \$15 within 10 days. Or return the photo and other materials so we can ask someone else to help.

Since 1938 the Christian Children's Fund has helped hundreds of thousands of children. But so many more still need your help. Please send in the coupon today.

It could be the chance of a lifetime.

For the love of a hungry child.

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I wish to sponsor a boy girl. Choose any child who needs help.

Please send my information package today.

I want to learn more about the child assigned to me. If I accept the child, I'll send my first sponsorship payment of \$15 within 10 days. Or I'll return the photograph and other material so you can ask someone else to help.
 I prefer to send my first payment now, and I enclose my first monthly payment of \$15.
 I cannot sponsor a child now but would like to contribute \$_____.

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Address _____

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Statement of income and expenses available on request.

Milestones

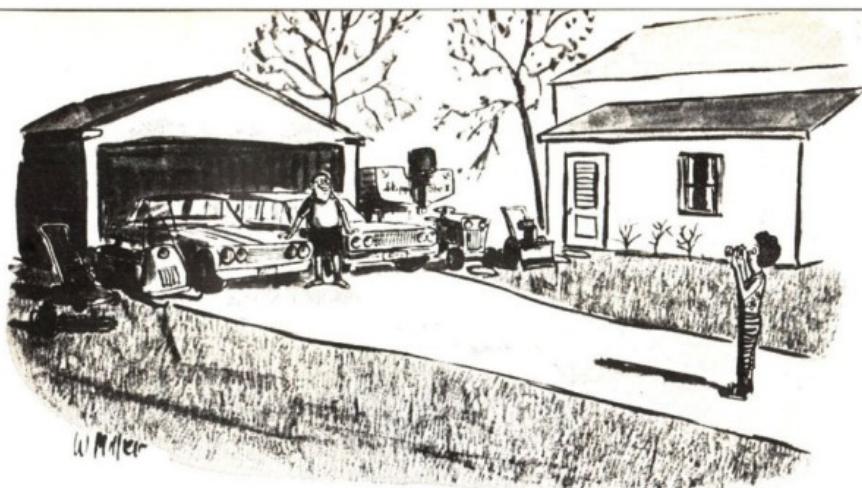
DIED. Lucas Tupper, 45, Franciscan missionary doctor whose practice embraced 200,000 Brazilian villagers along the Amazon River; of injuries sustained in a motorcycle accident; in Columbus, Ohio. Tupper first witnessed the misery of South America's poor in 1960 as a U.S. Navy medic and soon dropped plans for a career in plastic surgery to join the priesthood. He first made his Amazonian rounds in a motorboat, but later ministered from a 55-ton refurbished ferryboat named the *Esperança* (Portuguese for *Hope*).

DIED. William S. Schlamm, 74, Polish-born writer and a former Communist who turned into a staunch conservative during the 1930s; of a heart attack; on Sept. 1, in Salzburg. Immigrating to the U.S. before World War II, Schlamm served as an editor of *FORTUNE* and assistant to Henry Luce in the 1940s, and in the 1950s helped create and edit *National Review*. Returning to Europe, he founded his own political magazine, *Zeitung für Politik*, in West Germany in 1972.

DIED. Frederick K. Weyerhaeuser, 83, former board chairman of Weyerhaeuser Co., and uncle of its current president, George, victim of a highly publicized kidnapping in 1935; in St. Paul. The Yale-educated grandson of the company's founder, Weyerhaeuser worked his college summers in sawmills and after graduation moved into lumber sales, becoming the firm's chairman in 1955. Mindful of the need to replant his forests, Weyerhaeuser once observed that there are few men "who are willing to plunk down \$1 million every year on ventures that won't pay off until the middle of the next century."

DIED. W. Randolph Burgess, 89, former Treasury Department Under Secretary and U.S. Ambassador to NATO during the Eisenhower Administration; of a heart attack; in Washington, D.C. Schooled as a statistician, Burgess worked as a banker in New York for more than 30 years, first at the Federal Reserve, then at National City (now Citibank), before joining the Treasury in 1953. As Under Secretary for Monetary Affairs, he favored tight money policies, a balanced national budget and the gold standard. He resigned in 1957 when appointed NATO Ambassador, serving until 1961.

DIED. Étienne Gilson, 94, renowned medieval philosophy scholar (among his works: *History of Christian Philosophy in the Middle Ages*) and oldest member of the French Academy; in Cravant, France. Gilson, son of a Paris businessman, was a devout Roman Catholic who gained lasting distinction in his field for his writings on St. Thomas Aquinas. Though he lectured at universities throughout France and the U.S., the Sorbonne-trained philosopher taught primarily at the Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies in Toronto, which he helped launch in 1929.



DRAWING BY W. MILLER, © 1973 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE INC.

Books

Reflections in a Gilded Eye

SOCIAL STANDING IN AMERICA: NEW DIMENSIONS OF CLASS
by Richard P. Coleman and Lee Rainwater; Basic Books; 353 pages; \$15.95

Without mincing such words as geology means, standard deviation and magnitude estimation, an American bases his SQ—status quotient—mainly on money. Although the statement seems self-evident, it is the ingeniously established bottom line to Sociologists Richard Coleman and Lee Rainwater's study of class in America, what their statistical Mr. Mim, the man-in-the-middle, likes to call his social standing. Yet the deeper one gets into the data and analysis of this book, the clearer it becomes that how Americans rank themselves is not a subject cashed in too quickly.

One reason is that Mr. Mim is sensitive and a little ambivalent about his SQ. He knows with the intuitive self-consciousness of the upwardly mobile that occupation, education, ethnic background and the concepts of social identity and life-style also count. Of course money talks. Indeed it whistles, hums and croons through the tangled switchboard of class lines that bind the conflicting emotions most Americans have about their place in an open, competitive society. What money says is "This way to the good life," not good as in Plato, but good as in "a good house in a good neighborhood." Beyond that basic aspiration lies the ubiquitous advertised vision of modern living ever flowering at one's fingertips. Mr. and Mrs. Mim's dream house would recapitulate a catalogue of status hardware: a room-to-room intercom, a "wet bar" in the "game

room," an "in-ground" swimming pool and a "full" sprinkler system for the lawn, not merely a garden hose connected to one of those little spastic squirters. Ideally, all this should be found on "a couple of acres for privacy," though the fact that Squire Mim may end up a landed janitor tethered by weekend maintenance seems to be self-censored from the dream.

These and a two-car-garage load of other findings were rummaged up by Coleman and Rainwater in surveys of 900 residents of Boston and Kansas City. The study, which cut across all economic and social lines, was conducted in 1971-72. The length of time it took to analyze, write

and publish the conclusions is undoubtedly due to the damnable complexity of the subject. This is evidenced in the book's colliding metaphors. The class structure in the United States is imagined either as a stepladder or as an escalator, a continuum without rungs. America's ethnic ingredients are blended in the traditional melting pot or tossed in salad bowl, "in which each element remains distinct yet contributes to the flavor of the whole."

Most middle-level Americans divide that whole in three parts: the rich, the poor and "the rest of us." Coleman and Rainwater prefer a seven-layer view. From the top: the old rich of aristocratic family name; the new rich, or success elite; the college-educated professional and managerial class; Middle Americans of comfortable living standards; Middle Americans just getting along; a lower class who are poor but working; and a non-working welfare class.

Excerpt

"Of course, there's class. Look around you. A man driving a Cadillac feels he can thumb his nose at me because I'm driving an old V.W."

"You know there's class when you're in a department store and a well-dressed lady gets treated better."

"Most people look down on the poor like me because you have to live so shabbily and can't help yourself."

"I'm a carpenter and I won't fit with doctors and lawyers or in country club society. We have different interests and want to do different things."

"I would suppose social class means where you went to school and how far. Your intelligence. Where you live. The sort of house you live in. Your general background, as far as clubs you belong to, your friends. To some degree the type of profession you're in—in fact, definitely that. Where you send your children to school. The hobbies you have. Skiing, for example, is higher than the snowmobile. The clothes you wear... all of that. These are the externals. It can't be [just] money, because nobody ever knows that about you for sure."

Books

As practitioners of a parascience, the authors are rightly humble about confounding their models with immutable truths. They may not have the lively journalistic bounce of an Alvin Toffler or the fluid drive of a Vance Packard, but *Social Standing's* scholarship adds some fascinating discriminations. For example, though money is the basic yardstick people use to rank themselves, income is only a component of status, not its cause. Education is the prime means to higher income—which is then translated into higher status. But schooling that does not lead to a high-paying job earns few points. And the status value of education seems to be slipping: if the authors are right, by the year 2000 a 1970 high school diploma will devalue 15% in prestige and a college degree drop 11%.

Social position derived from money tends to decrease as one's income approaches the higher brackets. Among Boston's Brahmins, what counts most is family history, civic activities and cultural connections. In Kansas City's gilded Mission Hills section, it is country clubs and friends: the closer one can get to "the local and regional-legend rich"—Royals Owner Ewing Kauffman, Hallmark Cards Founder Joyce Hall and the bank-owning Kempters—the higher one's esteem.

By piecing together hundreds of such slivers of class consciousness, Coleman and Rainwater present a fractured mirror of how we see ourselves in the social hierarchy. Their book glitters with oddments: the highest-status job is president of a billion-dollar corporation; the most envied use of money is for travel and expensive recreation; inherited money automatically earns a higher social standing regardless of class; college graduates who are not doing well (earning less than \$20,000 a year) emphasize their degrees when claiming status identification; to the proudest group belong those who got rich without much formal education; the welfare and poverty class distinguishes between physically and morally clean and unclean; at all levels of society the most frequently mentioned cause of downward mobility is alcoholism; Americans tend to place themselves in the highest class they can defend on the basis of their material achievements. Concludes one suburbanite: "You can see someone in a Cadillac, and that only tells you what they're aspiring to, not what they are."

Readers of *Social Standing* will recognize that "what they are" is every American's confusing little secret. What they aspire to is known by every successful merchant in the country. But materialism as a measure of class has its hazards. In the upward rush, the market is continually flooded with knockoffs designed to create the illusion of status. The trick, as always, is to be able to distinguish the real article from the genuine imitation.

—R.Z. Sheppard



Young Novelist Henry Green

Accident

BLINDNESS

by Henry Green
Viking; 207 pages; \$8.95

Blindness looks like the best first novel of the year, except that the year is 1926. That was when the book appeared briefly in England and the U.S. before sinking from view. Its author was Henry Yorke, a wealthy young Oxford student who went on to write eight more novels under the pseudonym Henry Green. Although he never achieved widespread popularity before his death in 1973, Green did not labor in quite the obscurity that his circle of admirers claim; his novel *Loving*, published in the U.S. in 1949, flirted briefly with the bestseller list. But even his most dedicated fans have had trouble seeing *Blindness*, which has remained generally unavailable for 52 years.

Its reissue now proves that publishing has not yet succumbed to agents, packagers and the merchants of subsidiary rights. Viking may not make a dime from the book, but there are accomplishments that outstrip profits: the accessible store of superb novels has been increased by one.

First novels are customarily praised for showing promise. Green's fulfilled it. *Blindness* opens with the diary of John Haye, 16, a student at a typically repressive English public school. The lad shows himself to be a callow but somehow endearing little twit, alternately gushing over books he likes and playing the world-wearied aesthete. Asked to submit a story to a school magazine, Haye notes archly that "there is a sense of degradation attached to appearing in print." The young dandy likes to appear cold and aloof: "It sounds an awful thing to write, but I sel-

dom meet anyone who interests me more than myself: my own fault, I suppose."

Life clearly has a lesson in store for Haye; but when it comes, it is particularly senseless and cruel. A boy idly throws a rock at a train; a window smashes and Haye, sitting behind it, is blinded. Home is a comfortable estate briskly run by his Scottish stepmother and filled with attentive servants. Caged in darkness, the young master writhes between despair and bitterness, thinking that the best those around him can do involves simply "nursing him back to a state of health sufficient for him to be left to their all-enfolding embrace of fatuity."

With his hero's accident, Green transforms the novel from a typical schoolboy memoir into a remarkably mature meditation on losses and gains. He slips easily into the minds and emotions of characters around Haye: the boy's stepmother, an old nanny, the sad, slightly vulgar daughter of an unfrocked clergyman. All, in varying ways, must struggle to cope with the presence of a person to whom the intolerable has happened. He too must struggle to grow into his tragedy.

Green's language is so plain, his assumed identities so convincing, that splendid effects roll by almost unnoticed. A rabbit comes into view, "trembling at being alive." A girl looks at a sunset: "The sky was enjoying herself after the boredom of being blue all day." Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the images in Haye's mind shift from sight to sound: "Voices had become his great interest, voices that surrounded him, that came and went, that slipped from tone to tone, that hid to give away in hiding."

That Green finished this novel at age 21 is remarkable. His sympathies and understanding already seem to have been ageless. Read now, so many years later, *Blindness* still appears totally fresh, utterly modern. It could have been written yesterday, provided there were a Henry Green around to write it.

—Paul Gray

New York Superman

CITIZEN PAUL
by Ralph Schoenstein
Farrar, Straus & Giroux;
156 pages; \$8.95

Newspapermen are usually too worn and worried to be credible as heroes, even to their own very young children. But to Ralph Schoenstein, his father was the New York version of Superman: "Not a mild-mannered reporter who put on a cape in a telephone booth, but a commanding editor who could use a telephone booth to get tickets to any sold-out Broadway show." Father Paul was city editor of Hearst's *New York Journal-American*, the U.S.'s biggest evening paper through the '40s and '50s. He had muscular clout



HOUSING BY THE CLOCK

The industrialization of Iran has led to a high degree of social mobility.

A greatly expanding middle class is demanding new housing geared to modern living conditions.

Rents on available housing as well as construction costs for new housing soared as demand in Tehran leapt far ahead of supply. The cost began to spiral further as it became clear that at the current rate of housing completions supply would not catch up with demand for years.

To meet this situation, Tehran has needed high quality housing in many thousands of units priced within the reach of the middle income group. Fast.

Our company had a good design for high density, high quality housing that was based on Iranian taste and which we were certain would be attractive in Iran. But what was needed was a fast and simple method of construction that would work effectively in local conditions.

We found the solution in the United States. The result was a fruitful marriage of an Iranian urban concept with basic American construction methods how under energetic Iranian management.

The Tehran Redevelopment Corporation was formed in 1975 with an initial project to construct 5,500 housing units in as short a time as possible to be sold to the public at as low a cost as possible.

After completing several hundred units at a speed never known before in Iran, the demand by the public encouraged us to expand the project to the full limits of practical possibilities. We decided to raise our sights and go for 15,000 units.

The entire 15,000 units were to be completed within three years, creating a modern urban development for 75,000 people.

The Ecbatan Housing Project, as it is called, has broken an impressive list of construction records.

Currently we are completing one housing unit every hour around the clock. Every day of the year.

To achieve this we have some 5,000 workers on the job. And more than \$30 million of our own equipment in a highly mechanized operation.

Starting with the consultant down to construction crews, some 200 Americans are working

on the project at all levels, from engineers to labour foremen, masons and carpenters.

We are pouring an average of 2,500 cubic meters of concrete per day, with peak day pours of up to ten times more than the previous record in Iran.

Twenty-five of our own bulk carriers are in constant motion between the cement plant and the construction site. They move over a broad bridge crossing a major highway which a reputable international consultant said would

for the supply of materials and services at the best competitive market prices. We also looked abroad for additional essential equipment and supplies. If all the trucks that carried supplies from abroad to the housing project were placed bumper to bumper, they would form a solid line more than 5,000 kilometers in length between Tehran and Munich.

Each of the building blocks constructed holds 500 units arranged in a pattern of five, nine and twelve stories or twelve stories split level, one storey entirely living area, the next storey entirely bedroom area.

Each block stands on pillars with a total land area of 2.4 million square meters. The blocks are so arranged there is an extraordinary 1.6 million square meters of green area.

The green area is integral to the complex and permits children to walk among grass and trees to any of the nine schools on the grounds without crossing vehicular traffic.

The nine schools range from kindergarten to high school, each encompassing an area of 5,000 square meters.

A sports stadium has been included on the grounds. It seats 16,000 people. There is also a large health club with gymnasium and other facilities.

A modern planetarium, a 400-room hotel and a major suburban shopping center are currently under serious consideration at the site.

There is a 40,000 square meter commercial area adjoining no less than 400,000 square meters of covered parking space, which in area is many times larger than all public covered parking spaces in Tehran.

The Ecbatan Housing Project has set a new standard in Tehran.

It has shown that good design for modern living can be married to rapid, high quality construction methods.

And it has shown that the cost of such housing can be within the reach of middle income groups in Iran.

It is one of the positive directions for the redevelopment of Tehran into a city that can satisfy at reasonable cost the expectations of its rapidly expanding middle class.

RECORDS:

The Ecbatan Housing Development Project has broken records and is unique in Iran in providing:

- **ONE HOUSING UNIT COMPLETION PER HOUR EVERY HOUR OF THE DAY OVER THE PAST YEAR.**
- **LOWEST COST PER SQUARE METER OF QUALITY HOUSING IN THE COUNTRY.**
- **LOWEST MORTGAGE RATE ON HOME PURCHASE IN IRAN.**
- **HIGHEST YIELD ON HOME SAVINGS DEPOSITS IN IRAN.**
- **2.4 MILLION SQUARE METERS CONSTRUCTED ON A 2.4 MILLION SQUARE METER BUILDING SITE, LEAVING 1.6 MILLION SQUARE METERS OF LANDSCAPED, PEDESTRIAN-ONLY GREEN AREA.**

take three years to build, and which we actually built in six days.

Behind this effort lies a solemn commitment. We have promised to produce each unit at a set price, without cost escalation, to specifications, on time.

The cost for each unit was set at one third the going rate for housing at the time of sale.

To help middle income buyers, we searched for the lowest cost financing available, and finding the bank rates too high, established the Ecbatan Savings and Loan Association for the purpose of low-cost, long-term mortgages for housing in the Tehran area.

The result was the sale of the entire 15,000 units under construction in less than six months from the start of the project.

To hold to the set cost in an inflationary era, we created an affiliation of 15 additional companies

Tehran Redevelopment Corporation
60, Avenue Bijan, Tehran, Iran.





The OM-1 Compact SLR Camera.

It's America's number one compact camera.

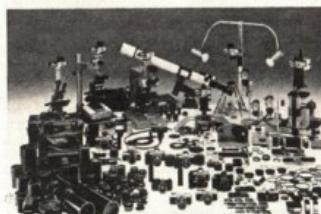
In fact, before the OM-1, there was no such thing as a compact camera. Yet even today, years after it was introduced, the OM-1 is still a marvel of technology that other SLR's haven't been able to copy.

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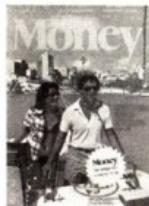
Just send us your sales slip and owner registration card. Then we'll send you the OM-1 Hundred Dollar Give-Away rebate certificates, redeemable until April 30, 1979.

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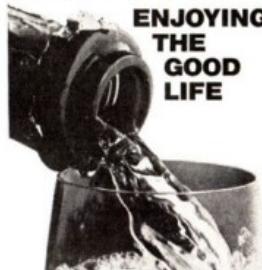
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Books

as well; his arms were those of "a well-manicured ape." It was intoxicating to hear friends inquire: "Ralphie, whaddaya think would happen if your father ever hit anybody with all his might?"

This affectionate memoir evokes a giant of great animal magnetism, who could charm a barroom full of journalists or a playground full of children. But when Schoenstein Sr. sensed injustice, he could become a horse of a different choler. Once, Ralph recalls, he and a buddy were given a summons for playing ball in Riverdale Park. His father happened along, tore the ticket into bits, and growled at the cop: "For Crissake, why don't you go after [Gangster Lucky] Luciano and leave a bunch of kids alone!" The policeman crept away.

Paul Schoenstein's stock with his young son rose even higher when, during World War II, he was kept under surveillance by a couple of FBI men (the *Journal* crept away).



Paul and Ralph Schoenstein at ringside

Dad could be a horse of a different choler.

Journal-American had discovered that a German spy was living in the Taft Hotel, and the bureau wondered where the information had come from. "Just wait'll I tell those bastards at school," said Ralph, who had been heckled because his father, being a Hearstman, was held responsible for starting the Spanish-American War. The bastards were more impressed by Paul's Pulitzer Prize.

The award was the result of a Hearst stunt. A young New York girl was dying of a fierce disease and had "seven hours to live" (this uncanny precision—seven hours, not six or eight—was quintessential Hearst journalism). Penicillin would save her, but the Army held the existing supply of the wonder drug. Paul phoned the Surgeon General, talked him into releasing the antibiotic, and had it rushed to the hospital in *Journal-American* radio car. He beat death by three hours, and the *Times* by a good deal more.

By the time Son Ralph became a published humorist (*My Years in the White*

House Doghouse: Yes, My Darling Daughters), the *Journal-American* had wrapped its last fish. The son had become more prominent than his father, and the hail-fellows in Toots Shor's who used to fawn on Paul could hardly remember his name, much less his deeds. But Ralph never forgot. Editor Schoenstein died in 1974; it was probably his only instance of faulty timing. For Writer Schoenstein has produced a filial, funny book that Superman would have loved—and that anyone might admire.

—John Skow

Editors' Choice

FICTION: *A Good School*, Richard Yates • *Final Payments*, Mary Gordon • *Innocent Eréndira and Other Stories*, Gabriel García Márquez • *Shosha*, Isaac Bashevis Singer • The "Poetry" Anthology 1912-1977, edited by Daryl Hine and Joseph Parisi • *The World According to Garp*, John Irving

NONFICTION: *A Distant Mirror*, Barbara W. Tuchman • *A Hostage to Fortune*, Ernest K. Gann • *American Caesar*, William Manchester • *Montaillou: The Promised Land of Error*, Emmanuel Le Roy Ladurie • *Robert Kennedy and His Times*, Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. • *The Gulag Archipelago III*, Alexander Solzhenitsyn • *The Snow Leopard*, Peter Matthiessen

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Chesapeake*, Michener (1 last week)
2. *Eye of the Needle*, Follett (3)
3. *Scrubies*, Krantz (2)
4. *Evergreen*, Plain (4)
5. *Bloodline*, Sheldon (5)
6. *The Far Pavilions*, Kaye
7. *Fools Die*, Puzo (8)
8. *The Holcroft Covenant*, Ludlum (9)
9. *The World According to Garp*, Irving (6)
10. *Sisters and Strangers*, Van Slyke

NONFICTION

1. *If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries* —What Am I Doing in the Pits?, Bombeck (1)
2. *In Search of History*, White (2)
3. *The Complete Book of Running*, Fixx (4)
4. *A Time for Truth*, Simon (3)
5. *My Mother / My Self*, Friday (6)
6. *Pulling Your Own Strings*, Dyer (5)
7. *Robert Kennedy and His Times*, Schlesinger (7)
8. *Gnomes, Huygen & Poortvliet* (9)
9. *American Caesar*, Manchester
10. *Till Death Us Do Part*, Bugliosi with Hurnitz (8)

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Time Essay

A Guide to American Restaurant Menus

Bon appetit, consumers. Help is on the way. That inescapable roadside institution, McDonald's, has been fined \$5,000 for mislabeling frozen orange juice as freshly squeezed, and for calling a concoction "maple syrup" that had nowhere near enough maple to stand up to the name. In addition to the folks at the Golden Arches, Baskin-Robbins, the International House of Pancakes and Hamburger Hamlets have all been foiled by a Los Angeles campaign to enforce honesty in eateries: it is now against the law, for example, to describe a nondairy product as "cream," or lower-grade beef as "prime." Like truth in advertising and truth in lending, truth in menus is catching on. Chicago issues its own menu guidelines: "Baked ham" should not have been boiled." Councilwoman Carol Greitzer of New York City has introduced a bill of fair face that would outlaw such misrepresentations as describing an ordinary spud as an Idaho potato and an ordinary crustacean as a Maine lobster.

Alas, even if Ms. Greitzer's bill becomes law, it will be a while before the unwary diner-out is fully protected from Menuse—a peculiar sub-branch of American English, rich in mouth-watering adjectives, that is designed both to entice and to obfuscate. In the interests of consumerism, TIME herewith offers its own guide to some of the most common *plats du jour* found on U.S. restaurant menus—and what they really mean:

MENU

TRANSLATION

Breakfast

Farmer's Choice. Farm-fresh eggs; creamy butter; hearty Colombian java; stacks of extra crisp toast with rasher of Canadian bacon

Ninety-two percent egg white, 7% whey with calcium and sodium caseinates, lecithin and vegetable mono- and diglycerides, cellulose, xanthan gums, artificial colors, aluminum sulfate, ferric orthophosphate, zinc sulfate, calcium pantothenate; last night's re-heated coffee; slightly scorched day-old bread, 1 slice sandwich ham

Waist Watcher's Selection. Low-calorie, citrus-jammed with vitamins and colorful taste thrills

Five canned grapefruit sections; 1 slice day-old bread, toasted; $\frac{1}{2}$ scoop cottage cheese and maraschino cherry—refrigerated for 24 hours, causing the top of the cheese to turn pink

Kiddies' Special. Yum-pious eats for the young and the young in heart

Spoonful powdered orange drink added to glass of tap water, bowl of puffed-milled corn, sugar, corn syrup, molasses, salt, partially hydrogenated coconut oil, sodium ascorbate, BHA added to preserve product freshness

Luncheon

Salisbury Steak

Hamburger

Filet à la Cuisinart

Hamburger

O.K. Corral Man-Handler. Finest ground sirloin fit to tame the wildest slap-happite

Hamburger

Hamburger

Leftovers

Deep Sea Sensation. With the briny tang of the Atlantic artfully combined with the aroma of the country garden

The Burt Reynolds Macho Club Sandwich

The Farrah Fawcett-Majors Ladyfinger Sandwich

One can dark-meat tuna on lettuce leaf, 3 slices greenhouse tomato with all the harmful flavor removed, 1 onion cut in the shape of a ribbon, 1 radish cut in the shape of a radish

Processed turkey, processed ham, processed cheese, iceberg lettuce, cole slaw and mayonnaise. Toothpicks hold all this between 3 slices of white bread with crusts

Processed turkey, processed ham, processed cheese, iceberg lettuce, cole slaw and mayonnaise. Toothpicks hold all this between 3 slices of white bread minus crusts

Dinner

The Fish You Eat Today Slept Last Night in Chesapeake Bay

Surf 'n' Turf. A luscious combination of the best the sea and land have to offer

Hearty De Luxe Chef's Hash

Meat leftovers

Chef's Provençal Bouillabaisse

Fish leftovers

Omelette Fines Herbes

Two eggs, oregano

Shepherd's Pie

Hamburger, mashed potatoes, corn starch, I envelope onion dip, oregano

Rock Cornish Game Hen With All the Trimmings

One undernourished chicken, 1 can giblets, bread crumbs, oregano

Our Fabulous Secret Ingredient

Oregano

Desserts

Our Famous Vienna Mousse

One envelope chocolate-flavored pudding beaten with clear gelatin

Strawberry Shortcake

Pound cake, pressure-can whipped cream, 2 spoons canned strawberries

American Compote

One can mixed fruit

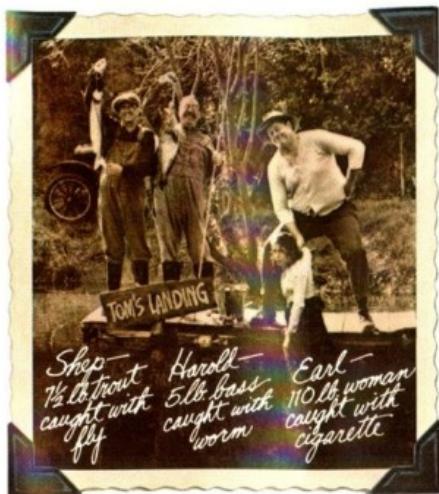
Continental Compote

One can mixed fruit, heated

Dieter's Delite

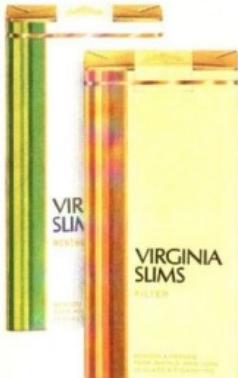
One menu that omits exaggeration, stays away from calorific prose and manages now and then to actually describe the comestibles in the kitchen

—Stefan Kanfer



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